THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

MARCH, 1803.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE DR. ARNOLD, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HIS SON.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

The Portrait of Mr. Braham *will appear next Month. In the mean time, we exhibit a Portrait of the late* Dr. Arnold, *from an original Painting by his Son.*

A Portrait of Madame Storace, from a fine Painting by Mr. Charles Allingham, will adorn No. 91.

And, in No. 92, will appear a Portrait of the late Mr. Roger Kemble, from an original Painting by Mr. Sharp.

We thank Julius (*Newcastle upon Tyne*) for his sensible Letter, which we have inserted, without abridgment, in the present number.

Further favours from Q. Z. have been received, and shall appear without delay.

An Anacreontic, by J. P. B. (*Liverpool*) as soon as possible.

Also, A *short Sketch of a long-known Friend,* by J. C. C.

There are some inaccuracies in Eliza's last communications, which render them unfit to meet the public eye.

Mr. S. we hope, will excuse the freedom we have taken with his remarks.

An Impartial Observer (*York*) shall be noticed in our next.

A *Masonic Address,* spoken at *Birmingham,* also in our next.

Candid's Letter from *Manchester* was not received in sufficient time for this number.

Arviragus has obliged us by his observations.

R. S. has formed an erroneous notion.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

MARCH, 1803.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

THE LATE DR. ARNOLD,

Born August 10, 1740.—*Died October* 22, 1802.

With a Portrait.

THERE is something mournful in the task of recording departed genius, and the memory of those talents which have long delighted —something still more painful in bearing testimony to the frail tenure of human excellence, and the final close of a long and laborious career in the paths of science—yet is it a pleasing labour to celebrate the name of a man who has been distinguished by the union of talents and virtues, and who has left behind him indelible memorials of the most elegant taste, and the profoundest professional knowledge.

The subject of the present memoir, whose name has been before the public for many years, and whose works have been so highly and so deservedly celebrated, received the rudiments of science under Mr. Gates, master of the young gentlemen of His Majesty's Chapels, and completed his musical education under the late Dr. Nares. Of what might be his disposition in early life, we may, perhaps, form a very favourable conjecture from the fact, that his first master so highly esteemed him, that at his death he bequeathed him a handsome legacy, and the reversion of a very good estate, but which he did not live to enjoy.

He was introduced into the King's chapel, under the immediate patronage of the Princesses Amelia and Caroline; the former of whom answered for him at the font. What might be his progress, or his application in this celebrated musical seminary, we know not; but we have not heard of any authenticated instances of juvenile productions which are calculated, from their singularity, to astonish or alarm credulity. His course seems to have been remarked, when he left his masters, for unremitting application to study, and persevering attention to scientific research; and from this steady cultivation of the seeds of knowledge, arose that formed and complete genius, which, while a long tide of fashion lasted, astonished the world, and

which, when that fashion subsided, still charmed the votaries of the old, and improved the followers of a newer style.

The first patron to whom the public appear to be indebted for the extrication of his talents from obscurity, was the celebrated BEARD. He saw the youthful spark of genius, and, by producing it to the animating gale of public favour, fanned it into a blaze.

His public career commenced about the year 1763, as composer to Covent Garden theatre, of which Beard was then a proprietor, and the flattering success which crowned his operatic efforts, cherished thoughts of greater undertakings, and bolder flights.

What he had once resolved to undertake, was not long delayed by sluggish procrastination. He saw that the death of Handel had left a chasm in the musical field, in which many had sunk who had attempted to fill it, and, with a confidence which proved a just appreciation of his own powers, resolved on the same attempt, of which the failure of others had taught him the danger. This resolution he completed in 1767, in the composition of the sacred drama of the *Cure of Saul*, from the pen of the late Dr. Brown. This oratorio was no sooner heard, than the name of the composer was established. The musical world heard, with amazement, this energetic production of a genius of twenty-seven years growth. Jealousy and envy were, as usual, active in depreciation; but a success so unlimited attended him, that the work was allowed by the public voice, as well as by all the candid members of the profession, to be by far the grandest and ablest production that had appeared since the death of the immortal Handel, who first established that species of music in this country.

He knew, however, that one labour had not erected the reputation of Hercules, and therefore pursued, with unremitting zeal, and renovated ardour, the first triumphs of success. The *Cure of Saul* was followed with equal applause, and increasing reputation, by *Abimelech*, the *Resurrection*, and the *Prodigal Son*. During the intervals of which productions, he brought forward many less durable, but more profitable works. These are still the standing favourites among our English operas.

In 1769, an enterprising spirit led him to the purchase of Mary-bone Gardens, which he adorned in so beautiful a style, that they became the scene of fashionable resort. He erected a stage, and composed many beautiful burlettas, which were performed by the first singers of the day, and which, to use the theatrical phrase, were *got up* with expensive elegance. Amongst the performers were the well-remembered names of Miss Catley, Miss Brown, afterwards Mrs. Cargill, Miss Harper, now Mrs. Bannister, Mrs. Barthelemon, Mrs.

Thompson, Miss Thomas; Mr. Charles Bannister, and Mr. Reinhold.

In this scheme the tide of success had a long course, and might have flowed still longer had not an anxiety to gratify the public taste, by the production of novelties, involved him in new expences, and fresh plans.

At an immense salary, he engaged the celebrated Torri, whose brilliant fireworks have had no equal in this country. The consequence of Signor Torri's exhibition was, that the burlettas were no longer followed, and on those nights on which the fireworks were not displayed, the gardens were entirely deserted. When the novelty of this exhibition was over, it was too late to return to what had before charmed the multitude, and as no second Torri could be found, the gardens were relinquished at the expiration of the lease, after an ineffectual struggle to revive them, and the proprietor retired from the concern a very considerable loser.

In the mean time, (viz. in the year 1771) Dr. Arnold married Miss Napier, the only daughter of Doctor Napier, an eminent physician, and a lineal descendant of the far-famed Lord Napier, of Marcheston, whose life has been written with so much elegance by the present Earl of Buchan. He received with this lady a considerable fortune, and though, in consequence of several successive difficult and dangerous labours, a temporary separation and sea air were found necessary for the re-establishment of her health, yet were the last years of his life passed with this exemplary and highly accomplished woman, in uninterrupted harmony, and in the constant acknowledgment of those nice and valuable attentions which render the progress of life happy, and its decline easy. This lady still lives to lament a loss, which even those who knew him less cannot too sincerely deplore, and, if the testimony of one who has known her well in every relation of life, for nearly thirty years, may be relied on, the poignancy of that anguish, which final separation leaves in the widow's breast, must be soon soothed into peaceful resignation, by the recollection of a steady perseverance in the exercise of every domestic duty, and a faithful and affectionate discharge of every claim upon the wife and the mother.

In the year 1773, his celebrated oratorio of the *Prodigal Son* was performed, at the particular request of the stewards, at the installation of Lord North at Oxford. The handsome manner in which this request was complied with, produced the composer an equally handsome offer of an honorary degree in the university; and although he declined that, as a compliment, which he knew himself so well qua-

lified to obtain by regular and scientific gradation, it still excited the desire of Academic honours, which he immediately sought and procured. His exercise on this occasion was Hughes's "*Power of Harmony*," a poem well adapted to the display of versatile talents.

At the expiration of the Marybone lease, Dr. Arnold returned to Covent Garden Theatre, a part of which property Mr. Colman, the father of the present dramatist, had about this time purchased.—He there laid the foundation of an intimacy with the translator of *Terence*, and the author of the *Jealous Wife*, that lasted till that unhappy derangement which closed the life of Mr. Colman.

When that gentleman left Covent Garden, and succeeded Foote in the property of the little theatre, Dr. Arnold, with the same zeal which distinguished his friendships throughout life, and in which he ever sacrificed his own interest, followed the fortunes of his friend, though he relinquished, by this step, more than half his yearly emoluments. The friendship of Dr. Arnold continued to be essentially serviceable to the son, till the latest period of his own life. Independent of private connexions, his musical productions and arrangements added dignity to the theatre, and the former will long continue to delight the public: perhaps, with all due respect for living composers, we may assert that the stage has sustained a loss by his death, which it may be very long ere it can be replaced.

In 1783 Dr. Arnold was appointed organist to His Majesty, and composer to the chapels royal; and in this situation he furnished a very considerable number of church services and anthems, which, though little known to the world in general, are among the most estimable and lasting of his works.

In 1784 he was an active promoter and assistant in the grand commemoration of Handel, that took place in Westminster Abbey, and was appointed one of the subdirectors of that celebrity which, under the auspices of so many noble personages, reflected the highest honour on the national taste and musical genius of Great Britain. He felt, indeed, throughout life, a warm and earnest interest for the affairs of the Royal Society of Musicians, and that institution, which now lifts its head in wealthy independence, and distributes princely assistance to decayed musicians, and their unprovided families, owes a great part of its opulence to the zeal and liberality of Dr. Arnold. In the very early period of his life, when this society was yet in its infant state, and was struggling for existence against a course of ill success, he generously presented to it his oratorio of the *Cure of Saul*, then in the zenith of popular estimation, and this work effected that turn of fortune to which they are now

indebted, under royal munificence, for extensive patronage, considerable funded property, and increasing success.

When the last war stopped the progress of the commemorations at the Abbey, the annual performances were continued, first at St. Margaret's church, Westminster, and afterwards at Whitehall chapel; and, as the noble directors declined the management on a smaller scale, the whole labours rested on the shoulders of the sub-directors. On these occasions Dr. Arnold was ever the most active and indefatigable member. His zeal for the good cause bore him up through innumerable fatigues, anxieties, and vexations. He had to contend occasionally with such turbulent spirits as required a skilful negociator to manage, and by a happy suavity he generally contrived to ameliorate discontents, to conciliate jealousies, and to reconcile opponents. The situation of conductor of these performances he filled till within the last two years, when the annual concert of the Royal Society of Musicians was incorporated with the King's concerts, as the last of which it still continues to be acknowledged.

In 1786, Dr. Arnold, under the immediate patronage, and by the particular desire, of THE KING, undertook a magnificent edition of the works of Handel, in score, which he completed in one hundred and eighty numbers, forming thirty-six folio volumes. This work comprehended all the oratorios, anthems, operas, concertos, fugues, trios, duetts, lessons, &c. excepting such Italian operas as were neither interesting nor vendible. From these, however, and the whole of Handel's works, he compiled two very fine oratorios,—The *Redemption*, and *Time and Truth*. He had a remarkable and most happy facility in the adaptation of English words to foreign airs, and the world are indebted for a familiar acquaintance with a great part of the most beautiful of Handel's music, to his judgment and skill in this particular, by which he has, as it were, innoculated so much excellent music into our own language.

Soon after the commencement of the above-named work, he published four volumes of cathedral music, in continuation of the plan on which Dr. Boyce had furnished his elegant and estimable work.

In 1789 he became conductor of the Academy of Ancient Music, by election, a situation which he filled with peculiar credit, and where his loss will long continue to be sincerely lamented.

Amongst the many other public institutions in which Dr. Arnold distinguished himself, we must not omit to mention the *Glee Club*, at which he presided, we believe, from its commencement. This society, which, during his life-time, was the resort of all the amateurs, and of the first personages in the kingdom, and which afforded

to the lovers of vocal harmony the richest feast, is, we are sorry to find, likely to fall into decay. Their sun is set, and their day is over.

[To be concluded in our next.]

A PICTURE FROM NATURE.

THOSE who have never observed our boldest coasts, have no idea of their tremendous sublimity!—The boasted works of art, the highest towers, and the noblest domes, are but ant-hills when put in comparison. The single cavity of a rock often exhibits a coping higher than the ceiling of a Gothic cathedral. The face of the shore offers to the view a wall of massive stone, ten times higher than our tallest steeples. What should we think of a precipice three quarters of a mile in height? And yet the rocks of Saint Kilda are higher. What must be our awe, to approach the edge of that stupendous height, and to look down on the unfathomable vacuity below!—to ponder on the terrors of falling to the bottom, where the waves, that *swell like mountains*, are scarcely seen to *curl* on the surface, and the *roar* of an ocean, a thousand leagues broad, appears softer than the murmur of a brook! It is in these formidable mansions, that myriads of sea-fowls are for ever seen sporting; flying, in security, down the depth, half a mile below the feet of the spectator! The crow and the chough avoid those frightful precipices. They choose smaller heights, where they are less exposed to the tempest. It is the cormorant, the gurnet, the tarrock, and the terne, that venture to these dreadful retreats, and claim an undisturbed possession. To the spectator from above, those birds, though some of them are above the size of an eagle, seem scarcely as large as a swallow, and their loudest screaming is scarcely perceptible! To walk along the shore, when the tide is departed, or to sit in the hollow of a rock, when it is come in, attentive to the various sounds that gather on every side, above, and below, may raise the mind to its highest and noblest exertions. The solemn roaring of the waves, swelling into, or subsiding from, the vast caverns beneath; the piercing note of the gull; the frequent chatter of the guillemotte; the loud voice of the awk; the scream of the heron; and the hoarse, deep, periodical croaking of the cormorant, all unite to furnish out the grandeur of the scene, and turn the mind to *Him* who is the essence of all sublimity!

Q. Z.

SPECIMEN OF MODERN BIOGRAPHY:

A SHEET OMITTED IN A

VOLUMINOUS LIFE OF JOHNSON.

APRIL the 20th, I dined with him at Sir J. R———'s. I regret that I have preserved but few minutes of his conversation on that day, though he was less talkative, and fuller of capriciousness and contradictions than usual; as the following dialogue may shew —whilst at the same time it proves that there is no question so entirely barren of matter or argument, which could not furnish him an occasion of displaying the powers of his mighty mind. We talked of public places; and one gentleman spoke warmly in praise of Sadler's Wells. Mr C——, who had been so unfortunate as to displease Dr. Johnson, and wished to reinstate himself in his good opinion, thought he could not do it more effectually than by decrying such light amusements as those of tumbling and rope-dancing: in particular, he asserted that "a rope-dancer was, in his opinion, the most despicable of human beings." Johnson (awfully rolling himself, as he prepared to speak, and bursting out into a thundering tone), "Sir, you might as well say that St. Paul was the most despicable of human beings. Let us beware how we petulantly and ignorantly traduce a character which puts all other characters to shame. Sir, a rope-dancer concentres in himself all the cardinal virtues."

Well as I was, by this time, acquainted with the sophistical talents of my illustrious friend, and often as I had listened to him in wonder, while he "made the worse appear the better reason," I could not but suppose that, for once, he had been betrayed by his violence into an assertion which he could not support. Urged by my curiosity, and perhaps rather wickedly desirous of leading him into a contest, I ventured, leaning briskly towards him across my friend the Duke of ——'s chair, to say, in a sportive familiar manner, which he sometimes indulgently permitted me to use, "Indeed, Dr. Johnson! did I hear you right? A rope-dancer concentre in himself all the cardinal virtues?" The answer was ready:—Johnson, "Why, yes, Sir, deny it who dare. I say, in a rope-dancer there is temperance, and faith, and hope, and charity, and justice, and prudence, and fortitude." Still I was not satisfied; and, desirous to hear his proofs at full length:—Boswell, "Why, to be sure, Sir, fortitude I can easily conceive."—Johnson (interrupting me), "Sir, if you cannot conceive the rest, Sir, it is to no purpose that you conceive the seventh. But to those who cannot comprehend, it is necessary

to explain. Why, then, Sir, we will begin with temperance. Sir, if the joys of the bottle entice him one inch beyond the line of sobriety, his life or his limbs must pay the forfeit of his excess. Then, Sir, there is faith. Without unshaken confidence in his own powers, and full assurance that the rope is firm, his temperance will be but of little advantage: the unsteadiness of his nerves would prove as fatal as the intoxication of his brain. Next, Sir, we have hope. A dance so dangerous, who ever exhibited, unless lured by the hope of fortune or of fame? Charity next follows: and what instance of charity shall be opposed to that of him, who, in the hope of administering to the gratification of others, braves the hiss of multitudes, and derides the dread of death? Then, Sir, what man will withhold from the funambulist the praise of justice, who considers his inflexible uprightness, and that he holds his balance with so steady a hand, as never to incline, in the minutest degree, to one side or the other. Nor, in the next place, is his prudence more disputable than his justic. He has chosen, indeed, a dangerous accomplishment; but, while it is remembered that he is temerarious in the maturity of his art, let it not be forgotten that he was cautious in its commencement; and that, while he was yet in the rudiments of rope-dancing, he might securely fail in his footing, while his instructors stood ready on either side to prevent or to alleviate his fall. Lastly, Sir, those who, from dullness or from obstinacy, shall refuse to the rope-dancer the applauses due to temperance, faith, hope, charity, justice, nnd prudence, will yet scarcely be so hardened in falsehood or in folly, as to deny him the laurels of fortitude. He that is content to totter on a cord, while his fellow-mortals tread securely on the broad basis of *terra firma*; who performs the jocund evolutions of the dance on a superficies, compared to which, the verge of a precipice is a stable station; may rightfully snatch the wreath from the conqueror and the martyr; may boast that he exposes himself to hazards, from which he might fly to the cannon's mouth as a refuge or a relaxation! Sir, let us now be told no more of the infamy of the rope-dancer."——When he had ended, I could not help whispering Sir J. R.—Boswell, "How wonderfully does our friend extricate himself out of difficulties! He is like quicksilver: try to grasp him in your hand, and he makes his escape between every finger." This image I afterwards ventured to mention to our great Moralist and Lexicographer, saying, "May not I flatter myself, Sir, that it was a passable metaphor?"—Johnson, "Why, yes, Sir."

SERIES OF SELECT POEMS BY LADIES.

NUMBER XXI.

RACHEL SPEGHT,

ANOTHER weft of the Muses, published in 1621, 4to. a poem of considerable length, in six-line stanzas, entitled,

"Mortalities Memorandum: with a dreame prefixed, imaginarie in manner, reall in matter. London, printed by Edw. Griffin for Jacob Bloome."

Live to die, for die thou must;
Die, to live amongst the just.

This argumentative and admonitory production, is dedicated by the fair authoress to "Her most respectful Godmother, Mrs. Marie Moundford, Wife unto the Worshipfull Doctour Moundford, Physitian;" and her metrical address to the reader may call to remembrance the versification of Tusser, an agricultural poet, who flourished in the reign of Elizabeth.*

"Readers too common, and plentifull be,
For readers they are that can read a, b, c;
And utter their verdict on what they doe view,
Though none of the *Muses* they yet ever knew.
But helpe of such readers at no time I crave,
Their silence than censure I rather would have;
For ignorant dunces doe soonest deprave.

But, courteous reader, whoever thou art
Which these my endeavours dost take in good part,
Correcting with judgement the faults thou dost finde,
With favour approving what pleaseth thy minde:
To thee, for thy use and behoofe, I extend
This poore *Memorandum* of our latter end:—
Thus, wishing thee welfare, I rest a true friend,

To those which art affect,
And Learning's fruit respect.
RACHEL SPEGHT."

* See Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry, iii. 309.

The following is as favourable a specimen of this lady's moral Poem, as perhaps can be selected.

> " The *Mariner*, which doth assay to passe
> The raging seas into some forraigne land,
> Desireth much to have his voyage ended,
> And to arrive upon the solid sand.
> All creatures with desire doe seeke for rest,
> After they have with labour beene opprest.
>
> The *Pilgrim*, which a journey undertakes,
> Feeding his fancie with exoticke sights,
> Deemes not his way much irksome to his foot,
> Because his paine is mixed with delights:
> For tis his joy to thinke upon that day
> When he shall see the period of his way.
>
> Men are as *Sailors* in this irksome life,
> Who at the haven always cast their eye;
> As *Pilgrims* wandring in an uncouth land;—
> Then who is he that will not wish to dye?
> And he, whom God by death doth soonest call,
> Is in my mind the happiest wight of all."

S. K.

SELECT SENTENCES.

No. VII.

CICERO gives a proof how far a man devoid of courage may be a spirited writer.

I CANNOT see why people are ashamed to acknowledge a passion for popularity?—The love of popularity is the love of being beloved.

THE world may be divided into people that read; people that write; people that think;—and foxhunters.

ONE may, modestly enough, calculate one's appearance to procure respect upon the road;—because there respect and convenience so remarkably coincide.

...nended than a *fine day*.—
Th... without *envy*.

... on, are like large rooms in a small ...

It s... ...ture, "utrum horum mavis accipe." ... are universally connected.

Poet... ..., are the most flattering of diseases.

The ... have a singular pathos!—reminding us *at once* of pa... the future conclusion of it.

The supe... ...s of the French is in nothing more dis...ible than in ... used by them and us to express an affair being in agita... ...he former says, "sur la tapis."—We say "upon the anvi... ...oes it not also shew the sincerity and serious face with which ...e enter upon business? and the negligent and jaunty air with which they perform the most important.

Hope is a flatterer—but the most upright of all parasites: for she frequents the poor man's hut, as well as the palace of his superior.

If you *write* an *original* piece, you wonder no one ever thought of the *best* of subjects before you!—If you translate, of the *best* of authors.

Every *good* poet includes a critic. The reverse will not hold.

We want a word to express the "Hospes" or "Hospita" of the ancients: among *them*, perhaps, the most respectable of characters. Yet with *us*, translated *Host*, which we apply, also to an inn-keeper. Neither have we any word to express "Amica"—as if we thought a woman was always somewhat more, or less, than a friend.—

To endeavour all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philosophy, is to spend so much in armour, that one has nothing left to defend.

"I had once the curiosity" says Montesquieu, "to keep an account of the number of times I heard a story repeated. During three weeks that it occupied the polite world, I heard it told two hundred and twenty-five times—which I thought quite sufficient."

What an unfortunate necessity is it, in the constitution of man, that his understanding is scarcely matured, when the organs of his body begin to fail!

Q. Z.

TOUR I

[Contin

, 1802.

LEAVING Caerphily at the rising ur route over the steep and heathy mounta overlooks part of the valley we had left, and a mountains to the north-west. The fine bridge o Taffe, is (as Mr. Wyndham observes), perhaps the la the world, if we except that of Brioude, in Auverg the Romans. It is a segment of a circle one hundred and breadth; and the height of the key stone from the spring of t nirty-four feet: that at Brioude, over the Allier, is a semicirc eighty-five feet above the water level, and its chord one hundre d ninety-five.

It is truly a wonderful performance, which will immortalize its builder (Edwards) and when viewed from the river, has a most enchanting and imposing effect. The road continues along the banks of the Taffe, and exhibits many a grand and beautiful scene.

The ancient city of Llandaff, the see of which is now filled by the learned camelion Dr. Watson, is little more than a village, situated on a gently rising eminence. The remains of its once beautiful cathedral, (erected by Bishop Urban, in 1120) are very fine, and the church contains two alabaster monuments of great taste, and in a style far superior to the age in which they are supposed to have been executed.

The castle of Llandaff, with many others in Wales, were destroyed by the last of her heroes, Owen Glendyr; in delineating whom, Shakespeare has drawn the national character of the Welsh.

At the reformation this see was valued at 154l. 14s. 2d. This event, by the nonpossession of a bible in their vernacular tongue, was a great inconvenience to the Welsh; and in consequence, Elizabeth, in the eighth year of her reign, passed an act of parliament to enable the Bishops of Llandaff, Hereford, St. David's, St. Asaph, and Bangor to translate the Old and New Testaments, with the Book of Common Prayer and administration of the sacraments. This act was not punctually observed, since the Old Testament was wholly omitted. However, in 1588, Dr. William Morgan, Bishop of Llandaff, undertook its translation, in conjunction with many others.

Some little distance from this decayed bishopric the road lies over a high mountain, from which is a most rich and beautiful prospect;

on the left rose hills covered with oaks and underwood, which casually admitted, through the opening of their sides, sketches of the neighbouring channel ; while on the right, and immediately behind us, lay extended the fine and extensive vale of Glamorgan. The mountains which backed it stretched their enormous bases at a distance, covering each other, and closed by the Holy Mountain in distant perspective.

Cowbridge, called by the Welsh Pont-Van, which stands pleasantly in the middle of what is denominated the garden of Wales, contributes little to the instruction or the pleasure of the traveller ; but the country around affords rich materials for the painter, in the numerous fragments of antiquity which lie scattered in almost every direction.

There is a sensible difference in the population, and the general appearance of the peasants and their cottages, when compared to most other counties in Wales. This is entirely owing to the improved state of agriculture, and fully exemplifies a fine passage in Tully.—" Omnium rerum ex quibus aliquid conquiritur, nihil est agriculturâ melius, nihil uberius, nihil dulcius, nihil homine libero dignius."

The castle of Mana-Chael attracted us to the right ; its entrance is supported by three high arches, and corresponds with another portal on the south, of the same dimensions. The style of building is modern Gothic, and appears to have been designed more for convenience than strength. Proceeding under the Ogmore hills, on one of which stands the small castle of Ogmore, the only one which escaped the fury of those wars which so long devastated Wales, the small town of Pile soon presented itself. The church-yard of this place is in the truest Welsh character ; and the flowers which decorated the graves, regaled our senses with the sweetest odours. When the remains of a deceased relation are first deposited, their friends bring flowers in a handkerchief, and sprinkle them on the grave ; on their decaying, a variety of herbs and annuals are planted. This elegant and amiable custom prevails in Persia, and many other parts of the East ; but it is not so frequent in South Wales as we were led to expect. English manners are beginning universally to prevail ; and in the eagerness to adopt the advantages arising from them, like all imitators; they strive to copy defects as well as beauties, and neglect customs which have been sanctioned by age, and ought to be endeared by practice. To this practice Shakespeare alludes, in his beautiful play of Cymbeline ; and Collins is equally observant of costume in his exquisite dirge, sung over Fidele.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

From Pile the eye has to regale upon an almost perpendicular mountain, whose enormous sides are embrowned with wood, even to its summit; which, owing to the thinness of the air, was lost in the clouds that undulated in fantastic columns beneath. At the foot of this mountain stands the now-neglected seat of Mr. Talbot, and his magnificent orangery.

After having visited the abbey church, the chapter house, and the sculptured cross in Morgan street, we continued our route to Tybar and Aberaoon. The houses here are excessively tinged with the smoke of the iron and copper works, which will merit attention. We rode along the skirts of the Waen mountains, on whose sides were browsing flocks of sheep and some solitary goats, till we discovered the beautiful village of Britton, straggling along their sides in a most enchanting and picturesque manner. Almost every cottage commanded an extensive view of the sea, and conveyed ideas of rustic elegance and content. I remember few spots more calculated for partial retirement, few scenes more tranquilly lively.

The river Neath here is seen to a most beautiful advantage; the woods on the west side overlooked by the mountains and the rocks which skirt the water's edge; the ships below, loading coals and cullum; the channel, with a distinct view of the Somersetshire hills, and harmonized with the setting sun, presented a most vivid and finished picture. Adieu. MORTIMER.

THE PRISONER,

A recent Fact.

" A dreadful din was wont
" To grate the sense, when entered here from groans,
" And howls of slaves condemned, from clinck of chains,
" And crash of rusty bars, and creeking hinges!
" And ever and anon the light was dashed
" With frightful faces, and the meagre looks
" Of grim and ghastly executioners." CONGREVE.

THE tolling of the dreadful bell, summoning the miserable to pay their forfeited lives to the injured laws of their country, awoke Henry from the first sleep he had fallen into since he entered the walls of a dismal prison.

Henry had been a merchant, and married the beautiful Eliza in the midst of affluence; but the capture of our West India fleet, in the late bloody and protracted war, was the first stroke his house received. His creditors, from the nature of the loss, were for some time merciful; but to satisfy some partial demands, he entered into a dishonourable treaty, which being discovered, Henry was thrown into a loathsome gaol. He had offended against the laws, and was condemned to die.

Eliza possessed Roman virtues. She would not quit his side, and, with her infant son, she preferred chasing away his melancholy in a dungeon, to her father's house, which was still open to receive her. Their hopes of a reprieve, from day to day, had fled: but not before the death-warrant arrived. Grief overpowering all other senses, Sleep, the balmy charmer of the woes of humanity, in pity to their miseries, extended her silken embraces over them, and beguiled the time they had appropriated for prayer, and Eliza, with the infant, still continued under her influence.

Father of Mercies, exclaimed Henry, lend thine ear to a penitent. Give attention to my short prayer. Grant me forgiveness——endue me with fortitude to appear before thee:—and, O God! extend thy mercies to this injured, this best of thy servants, whom I have entailed in endless miseries—Chase not sleep from her, till I am dead—The keeper interrupted his devotion by warning him to his fate.—If there be mercy in you, replied Henry, make no noise, for I would not have my wife awaked till I am no more———

He wept——even he, who was inured to misery——He who, with apathy, had for ages looked on distress, shed tears at Henry's request——Nature, for once, predominated in a gaoler.

At this instant the child cried!—O heavens, said Henry, I am too guilty to have my prayer heard.—He took up his infant, and fortunately hushed it again to rest, while the gaoler stood petrified with grief and astonishment.—At last he thus broke out—"This is too much—My heart bleeds for you—I would I had not seen this day."

What do I hear, replied Henry?—Is this an angel in the garb of my keeper?—Thou art indeed unfit for thy office—This is more than I was prepared to hear——Hence, and let me be conducted to my fate——

These words awoke the unhappy Eliza; who, with eagerness to atone for lost time, began to appropriate the few moments left, in supplicating for her husband's salvation.

Side by side the unhappy couple prayed as the ordinary advanced

to the cell. They were too intent on devotion to observe him. The holy man came with more comfort than what his function alone could administer. It was a pardon, but with caution he communicated the glad tidings.

The effect it had on them was too affecting to be expressed. Henry's senses were overpowered, while Eliza became frantic with joy.—She ran to the Man of God, then to her child, ere she perceived her husband apparently lifeless. He soon inhaled life from her kisses, while the humane gaoler freed him from his fetters.

CHRISTIANITY REVERSED:

A NEW OFFICE OF INITIATION, FOR ALL YOUTHS OF THE SUPERIOR CLASS.

Being a Summary of Lord Chesterfield's Creed.

I BELIEVE that this world is the object of my hopes and morals; and that the little prettinesses of life will answer all the ends of human existence.

I believe, that we are to succeed in all things, by the graces of civility and attention; that there is no sin, but against good manners; and that all religion and virtue consist in outward appearance.

I believe, that all women are children, and all men fools; except a few cunning people, who see through the rest, and make their use of them.

I believe, that hypocrisy, fornication, and adultery, are within the lines of morality: that a woman may be honourable when she has lost her honour, and virtuous when she has lost her virtue.

This, and whatever else is necessary to obtain my own ends, and bring me into repute, I resolve to follow; and to avoid all moral offences: such as scratching my head before company, spitting upon the floor, and omitting to pick up a lady's fan. And in this persuasion I will persevere, without any regard to the resurrection of the body, or the life everlasting. Amen.

Quest. Wilt thou be initiated into these principles?

Ans. That is my inclination.

Quest. Wilt thou keep up to the rules of the Chesterfield morality?

Ans. I will; Lord Chesterfield being my admonisher.

Then the Officiator shall say,

Name this child.

Ans. A fine gentleman.

Then he shall say,

"I introduce thee to the world, the flesh, and the devil, that thou mayest triumph over all awkwardness, and grow up in all politeness; that thou mayest be acceptable to the ladies, celebrated for refined breeding, able to speak French and read Italian, invested with some public supernumerary character in a foreign court, get into parliament, (perhaps into the privy council), and that, when thou art dead, the letters written to thy bastards may be published, in seven editions, for the instruction of all sober families.

"Ye are to take care that this child, when he is of a proper age, be brought to court, to be confirmed." A. M. T.

PORTRAIT OF A GREAT CHARACTER.

By David Hume.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is a great diversity of opinion with respect to the resemblance which the numerous portraits, published in this country, of a distinguished foreigner, bear to the original. In some the artist has not attended to the expression of the eyes, in others the nose has been thought too straight, or the mouth too small; in none has the likeness been allowed to be complete. I think, Sir, the following portrait will supply all that has hitherto been wanting. It has been usually taken for a striking likeness of an English Regicide, who exercised the sovereign authority in these realms about a century and a half ago; but I doubt not you will agree with me in opinion, that the whole has indisputably a modern air, and requires no *varnish* to bring out the minuter touches of the pencil.

I am yours, &c.

KIT-CAT.

THE PORTRAIT.

ALL composure of mind is now for ever fled from the C— C—. He feels that the grandeur which he has attained with so much guilt and courage, cannot ensure him that tranquillity which it belongs to virtue alone, and moderation, fully to ascertain. Overwhelmed with the load of public affairs, dreading perpetually some fatal accident in his distempered government, seeing nothing around him

but treacherous friends or enraged enemies, possessing the confidence of no party, resting his title on no principle, civil or religious, he finds his power to depend on so critical a poise of factions and interests, as the smallest event is able, without any preparation, in a moment to overturn. Death too, which, with such signal intrepidity, he has braved in the field, being incessantly threatened by the poniards of fanatical or interested assassins, is ever present to his terrified apprehension, and haunts him in every scene of business or repose. Each action of his life betrays the terrors under which he labours. The aspect of strangers is uneasy to him. With a piercing and anxious eye, he surveys every face to which he is not daily accustomed. He never moves a step without strong guards attending him. He wears armour under his clothes, and farther secures himself by offensive weapons, a sword, falchion, and pistols, which he always carries about him. He returns from no place by the direct road, or by the same way which he went. Every journey he performs with hurry and precipitation. Seldom he sleeps above three nights together in the same chamber: and he never lets it be known beforehand what chamber he intends to choose, nor entrusts himself in any that is not provided with back doors, at which centinels are carefully placed. Society terrifies him, while he reflects on his numerous, unknown, and implacable enemies. Solitude astonishes him, by withdrawing that protection which he finds so necessary for his security.

THE WOODEN LEG,

AN HELVETIC TALE,

From the German of Solomon Gessner.

On the mountain, from which the torrent of Rauti falls headlong into the valley, a young shepherd fed his goats. His pipe called Echo gayly from the hollow rocks, and Echo bade the vallies seven times resound his melodious song. On a sudden, he perceived a man climbing, with pain, the mountain's side. The man was old; years had blanched his head. A staff bent beneath his heavy, tottering steps; for he had a wooden leg. He approached the young man, and seated himself by him, on the moss of the rock. The young shepherd looked on him with surprise, and his eyes were fixed on the wooden leg. My son, said the old man, smiling, do you not think, that, infirm as I am, I should have done better to have remained in the valley? Know, however, that I make this journey but once a

year; and this leg, as you see it, my friend, is more honourable to me, than are, to many, the staightest and most active. I doubt not, father, replied the shepherd, but it is very honourable to you; though, I dare say, another would be more useful. Without doubt, you are tired. Will you drink some milk from my goats, or some of the fresh water that spouts below, from the hollow of that rock?

OLD MAN. I like the frankness which glows on thy features. A little fresh water will be sufficient. If you will bring it me hither, you shall hear the history of this wooden leg. The young shepherd ran to the fountain, and soon returned.

When the old man had quenched his thirst, he said—Let young people, when they behold their fathers maimed, and covered over with scars, adore the Almighty Power, and bless their valour; for, without that, you would have bowed your neck beneath the yoke, instead of thus basking in the sun's warmth, and making the Echoes repeat your joyful notes. Mirth and gaiety inhabit these hills and vallies, while your songs resound from one mountain to another.—Liberty! sweet Liberty! it is thou that pourest felicity upon this blessed land! All we see around us, is our own. We cultivate our own fields with pleasure. The crops we reap are ours, and the time of harvest is, with us, a season of joy.

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He does not deserve to be a free man, who can forget that his liberty was purchased with the blood of his forefathers.

OLD MAN. But who, in their place, would not have done as they did? Ever since that bloody day of Nefels*, I come once each year to the top of this mountain; but I perceive that I have now come for the last time. From this spot I still behold the order of the battle, in which liberty made us conquerors. See, it was on that side, the army of the enemy advanced. Thousands of lances glittered at a distance, with more than two hundred horsemen, covered with sumptuous armour. The plumes that shaded their helmets nodded as they marched; and the earth resounded with their horses' hooves. Our little troop was already broken. We were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat were re-echoed from every side; and the smoke of Nefels, in flames, filled the valley, and spread with horror along the mountains. However, at the bottom of the hill, where we now are, our chief had placed himself. He was there, where those two pines shoot up from the edge of that pointed rock. I think I see him now, surrounded by a small number of warriors, firm, immoveable, and calling round him the dis-

* The battle of Nefels, in the canton of Glaris, in 1388.

persed troops. I hear the rustling of the banner, which he waved in the air: it was like the sound of the wind that precedes a hurricane. From every side, they ran towards him. Dost thou see those floods rush down from the mountains? Stones, rocks, and trees, overthrown, in vain oppose their course; they overleap, or bear down all before them, and meet together at the bottom, in that pool. So we ran, at the call of our general, cutting our way through the enemy. Ranked around the hero, we made a vow, and God was our witness, to conquer or to die. The enemy, advancing in order of battle, poured down impetuously upon us; we attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we returned to the charge; but, still forced to retire to the shelter of these hills, we there closed our ranks, and became unshaken as the rock by which we were protected. At last, reinforced by thirty Swiss warriors, we fell suddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or, as some mighty rock descends, rolls through the forest, and, with a tremendous crashing, breaks down the trees which interrupt its course. On every side, the enemy, both horse and foot, confounded in dreadful tumult, overthrew each other, to escape our rage. Grown furious by the combat, we trod under foot the dead and dying, to extend vengeance and death still farther. I was in the middle of the battle. A horseman of the enemy, in his flight, rode over me, and crushed my leg. The soldier who fought nearest me, seeing my condition, took me on his shoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle. A holy father was prostrate on a rock not far distant, imploring Heaven to aid us.—Take care, good father, of this warrior, my deliverer cried; he has fought like a son of liberty! He said, and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours, my son, it was ours! But many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. Thus the weary mower reposes on the sheaves himself has made. I was carefully attended, I was cured, but never could find out the man to whom I owe my life. I have sought him in vain; I have made vows and pilgrimages, that some saint of Paradise, or some angel, would reveal him to me. But, alas! all my efforts have been fruitless. I shall never, in this life, shew him my gratitude. The young shepherd, having heard the old warrior, with tears in his eyes, said—No, father, in this life you can never show him your gratitude. The old man, surprised, cried, Heavens! what dost thou say? Dost thou then know, my son, who my deliverer was?

YOUNG SHEPHERD. I am much deceived, if he was not my father. Oft he has told me the story of that battle; and often I have heard him say, I wonder if the man I carried from the field of battle be still alive!

Old Man. O God! O angels of Heaven! Was that generous man thy father?

Young Shepherd. He had a scar here—(pointing to his left cheek)—he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps it was before he carried you from the field.

Old Man. His cheek was covered with blood, when he bore me off. O my child! My son!

Young Shepherd. He died two years ago; and, as he was poor, I am forced, for subsistence, to keep these goats. The old man embraced him, and said—Heaven be praised, I can recompense thee for his generosity. Come, my son, come with me, and let some other keep thy goats.

They descended the hill together, and walked towards the old man's dwelling. He was rich in land and flocks, and a lovely daughter was his only heir. My child, he said to her, he that saved my life was the father of this young shepherd. If thou canst love him, I shall be happy to see you united. The young man was of an amiable person; health and pleasure shone in his countenance; golden locks shaded his forehead, and the sparkling fire of his eyes was softened by a sweet modesty. The young maiden, with an ingenuous reserve, asked three days to resolve; but the third appeared to her a very long one. She gave her hand to the young shepherd; and the old man, with tears of joy, said to them—My blessing rest upon you, my children! This day has made me the happiest of mortals.

PEDANTRY

NOT CONFINED TO MEN OF LETTERS.

The denomination of pedant has long been improperly confined to men of literature, although in reality it is equally applicable to men of every description. A pedant is one whose ideas are so totally engrossed by the object of his peculiar studies, that his common discourse is tinctured with its technical terms. When this does not arise from affectation, it is by no means reprehensible, but serves to shew the parties have attended to the study of their occupations.

Owing to this kind of pedantry, the profession or occupation of the majority of any company may be discovered, every different calling having its peculiar allusions, jokes and witticisms. When a gentleman being asked for a toast gives the Chief Justice, his honour the Master of the Rolls, or repeats the bon mots of Mr. Justice Bullhead, or Sergeant Splitcause, it requires no extraordinary sagacity to discover that the proposer of such toasts is a limb of the law.

On a like occasion, a person drinking his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, or his brother of York, the Bishops of Durham and Winchester, pretty clearly points out a candidate for ecclesiastical preferment.

The health of the Chancellor, is a more equivocal index, as he has considerable patronage to bestow on the professors of the law, as well as those of the gospel; so that the proposer of this toast may be either a candidate for a law office, or a living; to determine which it will be necessary to consult the context of his discourse.

When a smart young fellow talks of the 18th, the 36th, or 64th, without discriminating to what those numbers refer, now and then larding his discourse with an oath, and often emphatically mentioning *the service*, we may boldly pronounce him a military man.

If he cites some late determinations respecting proofs, drinks the Master General, and talks of the warren, it may be inferred that he is a military man, clothed in blue instead of scarlet.

Sailors are so notorious for their professional allusions, that they proclaim themselves in every sentence. In walking the street, if one of these gentlemen wishes you to quicken your pace, he will desire you to carry more sail; if to wait for him, to lie to; and if he desires you to hasten any business you are about, he will request you to bear a hand.

When a buckish young fellow talks of Jack Sprat, of Queens; Tom Jackson, of Maudlin; Joe Thomas, of Brazen Nose; and Griff Jones, of Jesus; he may be safely set down as an Oxonian or a Cantab.

The Bedford, the Garden, the Town, the Ton, and the Houses, emphatically pronounced by a well-dressed man, mark the speaker to be a gentleman of gallantry and pleasure, and probably a wit and a critic.

The Alley, Consols, Scrip, Omnium, Tickets, and the Rescounters, pronounced by a man in a cut wig, are indisputable marks of a stock-jobber, or lottery-office keeper. One of these recovering from an illness, or being interrogated as to his health, will answer, he is cent. per cent. better: or speaking of the circumstances of a friend or acquaintance, will observe, he is above or below par; taking up an empty bottle or bowl, he will pronounce it a blank; and describing a person in a dangerous situation will, declare he would not underwrite him on any consideration. If pedantry be an improper display of one's professional knowledge, these are all surely as much entitled to the denomination of pedants, as the scholar who makes an ostentatious shew of his learning.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

QUO MONET QUASI ADJUVAT.

Delphine. By Madame de Staël-Holstein. A Romance, in 3 Vols, or six Parts, "and every Part a Volume."

THIS work claims a very distinguished place in the literature of its class. While the moralist is busy in an examination how far its influence may be pernicious or favourable to society, and the politician, with a meaner object, is seeking for opportunities to indulge the rancour of party, the novel is making its way by the strong power of character, and the fascination of sentiment. An English reader cannot but be forcibly reminded, by its incidents, of the Cecilia of Miss Burney, and the author of *Delphine* sometimes does a violence to her train of events, to produce a dissimilarity in the minuter features, that the strong likeness of the greater may not be too apparent. Now and then, but not so frequently, she marks her predilection for the Grandison of Richardson, and the slight difference in the name of a tutor, shews she had been meditating upon the venerable Dr. Bartlet.

Whatever ridicule may now attend the notion that the Epic of Homer originated in a moral, to exemplify which the fable was constructed, it is clear that this has really been the process in the work before us, and one more important to human happiness it will be difficult to discover. The epigraph of Delphine states it in two lines—

A man should be able to oppose public opinion—
A woman ought to submit to it.

To establish these truths, *Leonce* is made to sacrifice his happiness to fallacious appearances; and the virtues of *Delphine* are the causes of her misery. Leonce, with a contempt for others, is a slave to their censures; and Delphine, who is the object of general admiration, is the victim of envy. Leonce is modelled after the *Tancrede* of Voltaire; he is guilty of suspicion in love—but it is the Spanish part of his character. Delphine dares to be singular, and attempts to regulate opinions, and compel approbation—she is listened to with admiration, which injures self-love, and consequently ends in impatience. In the midst of a circle of common beings, she is a luminary painful by its extreme brightness—a comet that disturbs a placid and uniform system. Such a character provokes cabal and resistance; its entrance is the signal for malevolence, silently hoping to find

error; its exit for calumny, admitting its talents, to blast with affected candour its virtues more securely. This is the imperfect side of her character; but her very moral excellencies are rendered, by incaution, equally fatal. Her pity is excited; she bestows her aid on the afflicted. Concealment is required; her honour, once pledged to the sufferer, is wounded by its own firmness. The public finger points at her conduct; her lover breaks from her in alarm; but, true to the silence she has promised, she allows her reputation to be sullied, and her heart outraged, rather than violate the sanctuary of her compassion. In this display of her heroine, Madame de Staël, though not servilely, yet strictly follows Miss Burney. It may be said of Leonce too, as of young Delville, that he desires her, torments himself about her, and her about himself; but he never loves his mistress as she merits to be loved. But the greatest excellence of the book is the character of Madame de Vernon; she has the arts of captivation in the highest degree; that is, though every thing she does and says is the result of calculation, it seems the sport of hazard. Affected languor is her way to the heart, and her shield from the confidence it demands. She avoids explanation, not as a difficulty, but a fatigue; and it may be supposed that she could silence your doubts, if she could but endure the exertion. She dies too early in the novel; the subordinate agents act far indeed below the superior style of her mischief—they carry on the ruin she originated; but Delphine perishes by meaner hands, as Achilles, who had slain Hector, fell by Paris. Her end, however, is made one good use of; it elevates the character of Delphine to almost angelic forgiveness of repented injury—whether Madame de Vernon *could* repent is another question. Horace, we think, would have determined against such a negative upon her whole life, and moderns may doubt the efficacy of such repentance.

It is time to speak of the most important part of this work, we mean its moral tendency. There is one blot, which a single letter would remove, or indeed, an addition to one already written. We refer to the seventeenth letter of the fourth part, as a production which, left as it is, without an antidote, is pernicious in the extreme. We allude to the reasons of M. Lebensei, for persuading Leonce to divorce his wife, that he may marry Delphine. With the experience of the wretched effects of such a doctrine before her eyes, it is to us matter of the highest astonishment and concern, that an enlightened lady should be found an advocate for so precarious a tenure in love, which hardly merits a better title than legal prostitution, and justifies all the severity with which the indignant eloquence

of Burke has stigmatized it. If it be demanded, why we infer in the author any approbation of this kind? the answer is, because all the powers of her mind are flung into the scale of divorce, and nothing but the pity of female friendship laid in that of permanent union. She has not had the decency to treat the ears of prejudiced moralists with the repetition of any old and exploded reasons, which once convinced mankind that the sacred pledge should be only (if, indeed, then) violated by death. Hear her refutation of the great objection to *her* system—the situation of the *children*. "Moralists forget," says she, "that if the possibility of divorce be happiness for men, it is also one for children, who will be men in their turns. They consider children, generally, as if they were always to remain such; but the present children are the future husbands, and you sacrifice their lives to their infancy, when, for the sake of that childhood, you deprive their maturity of a right which might one day save them from despair." Grant this—Is every thing to be thus resolved into individual gratification? Put it as high as you will, or as you can, has a human creature no greater object than the satisfaction of his taste? Are there no other and more important duties attaching to his condition? If he is to be the fickle slave to every succeeding exhibition of female excellence, personal and mental, how is the best of his faculties made the medium of the worst of his crimes!

"I do not love you as at first.
"The fair Elizabeth has caught my eye;
"My heart is vacant, she shall fill *your* place."

The great comfort of marriage is in the knowledge, that it is our *interest* to be reconciled in casual disagreements, since we are bound to accompany each other the whole of the voyage. But under the accursed sense of power to separate, every difference stimulates disgust, and (as we for ever cheat ourselves as to *motives*) he whose eye has fancied a fairer form, soon persuades himself, that a mental discordance separates him from his wife. He pleads infirmities of temper, as insupportable bars to his happiness with a woman, who at first was thought an angel in her mind; and probably would still have been deemed such, were these defects not found, or rather *made*, by a newer passion. But what is the argument as above quoted?—Is it not a consoling promise, that the deserted child may, when he shall become a father himself, be indulged in the satisfaction of abandoning his own offspring? Is it not the alienation of the child from one parent at least; probably, through a step-mother,

from both? Does it not tear asunder the sweetest bond of nature, the revered dependance of filial affection? Can the child enter into the reasons of separation? Must he not form his party? Will he not side with power? Can he equally love the parent, who does *not* support him? When he is able to judge properly, will he respect the deserter of her who bore him? But he is one day to be a parent himself, to abide in his turn the dreadful results of the original convenience, and experience the same filial indifference, contempt, or abhorrence. Miserable prerogative! unhappy father! destituted man! with neither affection in his infancy to rear him, honour in his manhood to dignify him, or pious gratitude to bedew his pillow, when the last groan concludes his existence! What are the libels upon a government compared with such an attempt upon the moral character of man! Every virtuous mind must read it with indignation; every admirer of talent regret that it should be thus abused. If the arguments of Lebensei must stand, let Delphine at least reply to them with arguments—let not the poison be suffered, like the deadly upas, to stand, with no antidote near it, to infect and destroy the vital principle of social existence!

"*Proverbs*," *or the* "*Manual of Wisdom*," *being an alphabetical Arrangement of the best English, French, Spanish, Italian, and other Proverbs; to which are subjoined the wise Sayings, Precepts, Maxims, and Reflections of the most illustrious Ancients.*

WE have here brought, in the most engaging and impressive manner, under our eye, the very *pith and marrow* of the art and wisdom of different nations—yea, "of the great globe itself, and of all which it inherits," comprised, as it were, in a nut-shell.

It is introduced by a new and appropriate dedication.

"To the conceited fool, who thinks himself wise, and is not so; to the wise, who, sensible of his own defects, has humility enough to wish to receive a new ray of knowledge from another's wisdom; in other words, to Mr. A. and Mr. B. with a sovereign contempt for the former, and a sincere affection for the latter, this little volume is warmly recommended, as singularly useful to both,

By their most obedient humble servant,

THE EDITOR."

In a well-written preface, following this address, it is observed that,

"Quaint and affected as many of the Proverbs, on a superficial view, may seem, they are all founded in reason and good sense; and, like common law, are antecedent to written records. Indeed, the absolute form of expression, which so often characterizes them, is the best evidence of their antiquity; of that sacred regard which has been paid by the people, to preserve not only their

essence, but the very words, in which they have been handed down to posterity. Proverbs, however, that contain only local allusions, and a reference to circumstances no longer existing, have only had a limited circulation, and have generally sunk into neglect, with the occasions that produced them; while those that possess an universality of application, have, on the contrary, gained strength and currency from age. The former may amuse the curious enquirer, but are scarcely worth drawing from their obscurity; the latter never fail to profit or improve; and of such our collection is principally composed."

The wise Sayings, Precepts, Maxims, and Reflections (from the most illustrious ancients), which are appended to this collection, are of themselves a valuable little treasury. The nature of the work precludes, in a manner, all partial extract; but we can most truly and warmly recommend the whole as an entertaining and instructive little "Manual of Wisdom."

This compilation bears the marks of being made by no common hand; for to select the maxims of the wise from the masses of folly, that, in the shape of wisdom, are scattered about books, even as they are in the world, is in itself an act of wisdom.

Letters from Mad. de Séveigné, translated from the French, by Mrs. Mackie, in three Volumes.

Without at all deducting from the merit of the former translations of the admirable correspondence of this celebrated French woman, with her daughter, the Countess of Grignan, we shall only observe, that in this age of abridgment, when Gibbon, Voltaire, and every other justly popular writer, have been epitomized, it is a matter of surprise that the letters before us have not been brought into a more compendious form, for the use and delight of those who have not time for performances of great extent.

This *desideratum*, however, is at length admirably performed in the present instance; and, by thus bringing under one point of view the graces and elegancies of this charming writer, we have the double advantage of both a near and remote prospect of a miniature, and of a full length; and we must confess that it required no small degree of judgment thus agreeably and faithfully to condense so diffuse, though so beautiful, a collection.

It would far exceed the bounds which we are constrained to observe, and indeed it would be a volume in itself, to point out the various touches of fancy, feeling, taste, and tenderness exhibited in the original, and transferred into the copy. The room which we can allow to any one article, however pleasing, is a brief general character, confirmed by two or three short specimens.

And, in pursuance of that plan, we have to observe, that there is

as much moral, natural, or political information conveyed in these letters, and in as *piquant*, agreeable, and animated a manner, as could well be offered in the same compass, by any writer whatsoever; the turns are frequently as delicate and happy as they are unexpected; the wit is often poignant, yet attempered by pleasantry; the good sense is as abundant as the good humour: and, if we may be permitted the expression, there is a *fashion in the thought*, as well as a *polish in the expression*; and, what throws a charm over the whole, there is nothing either studied or affected. There is a peculiarly happy play of words in some parts, as well as a sterling morality in others; to which is added much military and naval history of Mad. de Séveigné's times; and the facts are always placed before the reader in the clearest and liveliest manner. Indeed, what Mad. de Séveigné says of her daughter's eloquence is as descriptive of the correspondence of the mother. How engagingly does she express herself upon the subject of hope—"You say that hope is delightful;—ah! surely it must be more so than even you believe, since it supports and nourishes more than half the world." How demonstrable of an affectionate heart is the following expression, in a letter to her daughter, then ill!—"Only put a line at the top and bottom of the letters, for I must see your hand-writing."

It should be observed, that the notes, by Mrs. Mackie, are extremely satisfactory, often conveying either an impressive fact, and interesting anecdote, or a just delineation of character.

The following anecdote of the famous Mad. de Maintenon will be acceptable to our readers.

"I must tell you a little private anecdote, which will surprise you. It is, that the friendship between Mad. de Montespan and her travelling friend*, has for these two years past been an absolute aversion, amounting quite to hatred: endless complaints on one side and the other. The reason is, that the friend is so haughty that she has refused to obey Mad. de Montespan's commands. She is willing to submit to the father of the children, but not to the mother. She takes this journey on his account, and not at all on her's. She acquaints him with all that happens, and does not write to the mother, who *scolds the king*, for having so many attentions for such a *proud creature*. It is thought that this cannot last, unless the aversion goes off, or the good success of the journey softens all hearts. This secret has been whispered these six months—it now begins to be known—how much it will astonish you—don't you admire how falsely we reason sometimes, when we are ignorant of the real springs? I call this missing a thread in my tapestry. Every thing seems clear when we know the real secret.

* Madame Scaron was at that time travelling with the little Duke du Maine, who tried all the baths in France for a lameness which never could be cured. She was created Marchioness of Maintenon soon after her return.

The testimony borne to the virtues and talents of this illustrious lady, by the daughter whom she so tenderly loved, and to whom this beautiful correspondence was addressed, is a most feeling tribute of filial grief and affection for the mother, while it makes us regret that more of the letters of the Countess de Grignan have not been preserved.

Mad. de Séveigné was seized at Grignon with her last illness on the 6th of April, 1696. A continued fever caused her death the 14th day, at the age of seventy years and two months. The two following letters will prove how sincerely she was regretted by her daughter and son-in-law.

"Madame de Grignan to Mon. de Moulceau.

"*Grignan, April* 18, 1696.

"Your politeness need not make you fear renewing my grief, by talking to me of the deplorable loss I have recently sustained;—it is a subject that cannot be one instant effaced from my mind, and is so engraven upon my heart, that nothing can either increase or diminish it. The natural goodness of your heart would make you feel for me—but you also have lost the most faithful of friends, whose incomparable merit can scarcely be equalled: nothing is more worthy of your regret; but I, alas, what have I not lost! In my excellent mother every perfection was united. To me she was in every character invaluable:—a loss so complete, so irreparable, does not allow me to seek consolation in any thing but tears and lamentations. I have not yet strength enough to look up to Heaven, from whence all comfort flows. I can only turn my eyes around me, where every object tells me I shall see no more the parent who loaded me with favours, whose society was so charming, and who every day gave me new proofs of her attachment; certainly it requires a fortitude more than human to bear so cruel a separation, and such heavy privations. So far from being prepared for this calamity, the perfect health which my mother enjoyed, and an illness of a year, which had reduced me to the point of death, had made me almost hope that the order of nature would be inverted in our case. I flattered myself too much. I flattered myself that I should never suffer this terrible misfortune; it *has* fallen upon me, and I feel it in all its magnitude. I deserve your pity, and some share in your friendship, if it can be deserved by the greatest veneration for your virtues."

An Abridgment of the Lord Bishop of Lincoln's Elements of Christian Theology. For the Use of Families; containing Proofs of the Authenticity and Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures; a Summary of the History of the Jews; a brief Statement of the Contents of the several Books of the Old and New Testaments; a short Account of the English Translations of the Bible, and of the Liturgy; and a Scriptural Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion. By the Rev. Samuel Clapham, M. A. Vicar of Christ Church, Hampshire, and of Great Ouseborne, Yorkshire.

THE thanks of the public are due to the Bishop of Lincoln, for

his permission of an abridgment of a work, the value of which may, in some measure, be appreciated, by its extensive and rapid circulation. Of the editor, Mr. Clapham, we have often had occasion to speak, when his publications came under our review; and though we thought that, in some of his sermons, *he dealt too much in politics*, we were always willing to allow him judgment in the management of his discourses, and taste in the execution of them. In this Abridgment of the Elements of Christian Theology, his wonted judgment is exercised; but, whether under the direction of the right reverend author, or not, we are left only to conjecture. Be that as it may, this abridgment is executed with singular felicity; whilst nothing material is omitted, nothing superfluous is inserted in it.

Mr. C. in a very conspicuous and elegant introduction, shews in what manner this abridgment may be rendered extensively useful.—His address to the governesses of ladies' schools is admirable; and, we add, they will be extremely culpable, if they do not give it their most serious attention. He next impresses the utility of this valuable publication upon parents and heads of families; and then, with a most animated and laudable zeal, acquaints the clergy how much their labours, in their several parishes, will be facilitated, by introducing it into the families of their parishioners.

In order that the price might not be an obstacle to the purchase of the book, it is sold, by order of the syndics of the university press, for six shillings, although it contains upwards of seven hundred octavo pages, printed on fine and large paper, and a clear type, with a small margin.

The Church of England vindicated from Misrepresentation; shewing her genuine Doctrines, as contained in her Articles, Liturgy, and Homilies; with a particular Reference to the Elements of Christian Theology, by the Bishop of Lincoln. By a Presbyter of the Church of England.

"WITH reverence for your office, and respect for your learning and abilities, I read your Theology, and confess that great was my surprise to observe, in your exposition, the articles of the church of England so distorted from their literal and grammatical meaning; and their genuine sense asserted to be diametrically opposite to that in which I subscribed them *ex animo*, and which I have always apprehended to be the sentiment of their compilers, of all the most eminent reformers and martyrs at the time of the reformation, and admitted to be so by all the foreign churches in Christendom."

Such is the writer's commencing paragraph. The *Calvinism* of

the church of England has been strenuously maintained by writers of great learning and authority. The author of this Vindication contends on the same side of the question, and objects to the Bishop of Lincoln's exposition, as inconsistent with the sentiments and views of the eminent and pious characters who were concerned in the reformation. He is a very able writer; he argues closely, but with moderation; and highly as we think, in a general point of view, of Dr. Prettyman's *Elements*, we are of opinion that the animadversions contained in this publication, are, in many instances, so just as to entitle them to his serious attention, and to the candid consideration of the public at large.

Bellgrove Castle; or, The Horrid Spectre! a Romance, in four Volumes. By T. H. White. 12mo. Jee. Strand. 1803.

As the rage for spectres and hobgoblins is not yet gone by, this romance will afford considerable gratification to the admirers of the *mysterious* and *horrible*. We cannot say much in favour of the originality of the author's plan, for he seems to have collected his materials from every accessible quarter; but we think Mr. White may challenge his competitors to match the "ingredients of his cauldron," without any danger of being outdone either in number or variety.—These volumes, we doubt not, will be in great request at the circulating libraries, and the Adventures of *Orlando* and his *Squire* will be perused with much delight by the genuine votaries of *Raw Head and Bloody Bones*.

Old Nick; a Satirical Story. In three Volumes. By the Author of a Piece of Family Biography, &c. Second Edition. 12mo. Longman and Rees. 1803.

We are happy to have an opportunity, in announcing the *second edition* of this most clever and amusing production, of again briefly expressing our sense of its high literary merits, and of the learning, wit, and acute discernment of the ingenious author.

The reputation which the work has obtained in this country has been confirmed by the critics in Paris, who, in their Journal General de la Litterature Etrangere, have pronounced the following judgment upon it.

Cet ouvrage qui a eu beaucoup de succes en Angleterre, annonce des talents dans son Auteur. Il montre partout un raisonnement juste, et une grande Connoissance des hommes et des livres.

Plans of Economy, or the Road to Ease and Independence. By William Green, A. B. 12mo. 2s. 6d. London. Printed for the Author. 1802.

THERE are several hints and statements in this little book, with respect to rural and domestic economy, which are well entitled to attention. There is no bookseller's name in the title page.

Prospectus of a new and superb Edition of the British Classics: embellished with Engravings from Paintings (executed on purpose for the Work) by the most distinguished Artists of this Country; and illustrated with Biographical and Critical Essays, by Nathan Drake, M. D. Author of "Literary Hours," &c.

THIS splendid prospectus of Sharpe's edition of the British Classics, exceeds, in typographical beauty, and graphic art, all that hath hitherto appeared, in a similar form, in this country, and bids fair to raise a monument of fame and of profit to the bold and spirited adventurer who gave it birth. The ingenious Dr. Drake, whose "Literary Hours*" we had just cause to commend, is wisely selected as the editor, and Earl Spencer, with his accustomed patronage, and ardent wish for the success of literature and the fine arts, has consented that the work shall be dedicated to him.

Thoughts on the late General Election, as demonstrative of the Progress of Jacobinism. By John Bowles, Esq. 2s. Rivington. 1802.

THE honest and unsuspecting loyalists had thought, previous to the *assertion* of *John Bowles, Esq.* that the spirit of jacobinism was extinct amongst the higher orders of society, in this country;—nor did the proceedings at the last election, either at *Brentford* or at *Nottingham*, as far as they came within our knowledge, occasion any of those disturbances which authorised the revival of such an epithet. It would better become those, whose pamphleteering services are under the immediate influence of government, were they to exercise their talents in moderation, and in the spirit of meekness soften the hard lot of those who, from very scanty means, are bound to contribute largely to the exigency of the state and the profusion of ministers.

Ten Letters, principally upon the Subject of the late contested Election at Nottingham. 1s. 6d. Hurst. 1803.

CONTESTED elections have constantly produced internal commotions and disquietude between neighbours, but it would be unfair to attribute a spirit of jacobinism, to either party, without strong

* Vide Monthly Mirror, vol. vi. p. 294, and vol. x. p. 225.

proof. These letters contain the substance of a dispute in which Mr. *Robert Davison*, a highly respected individual, and Mr. *B. Maddocks*, a man, as we understand, of unblemished character, are involved. Mr. Davison evidently possesses vast superiority over his antagonist; and though we do not feel ourselves at liberty to go his exact length in politics, still his letters exhibit many sentiments well expressed and highly patriotic, and which it is impossible that any man can entertain who is not a friend to his country.

A Letter to the Burgesses of Nottingham, 6*d*. *Hurst*. *London*, 1803.

THIS letter contains a strong philippic against Mr. Bowles, charging him with falshood, in regard to many of his assertions, in the pamphlet we have just noticed; indeed we have no hesitation in saying, that, notwithstanding the writer of this letter is anonymous, it is incumbent upon Mr. Bowles to substantiate his assertions by stronger proofs than he has hitherto adduced.

The Heir Apparent. By Mrs. Gunning. Revised and augmented by her Daughter, Miss Gunning. Three Volumes. 12*mo*. 12*s*. *Ridgway*.

THE late Mrs. Gunning had a respectable talent for novel-writing, and the publication of the *Heir Apparent*, which was discovered in an unfinished state by her daughter, will do no injury to her former reputation. In the character of Mrs. Doringfield, Miss Gunning has paid a pleasing tribute of affection and respect to her mother's memory, and no doubt the portrait she has delineated bears a faithful resemblance to the original.

The Horrors of Bribery; a penitential Epistle, from Philip Hamlin, Tinman, to the Right Honourable H. Addington, Prime Minister. To which is added a Postscript, containing sensible Animadversions on Judge Grose's solemn and serious Address to the unfortunate Tinman. Edited by Peter Pindar, Esq. 1*s*. 6*d*. 4*to*.

PETER is, generally speaking, a merry fellow, and often a witty one; but we cannot say that we have once smiled during the perusal of the Tinman's *penitential epistle*. The noise of his kettles would be almost as welcome to our ears as the tinkle of his rhymes. Indeed, Master Peter, you are become little better than a sort of poetical tinker yourself, and, to make the matter worse, we are afraid you have nearly exhausted your budget!

The Lapse of Time; a Poem for the New Year. By Rebecca Edridge. 4to.

THIS effort is miserably deficient in all that constitutes harmony of numbers, and softness of poetical expression.

The History of Man, in a savage and civilized State. Written in a familiar Style, and adapted to the Capacities of Youth. Being Vol. 1 of the Minor's Magazine. 12 mo. 1803.

THIS little book is a specimen of an intended series for the perusal and benefit of the rising generation. It is compiled with care and accuracy; and is worthy of the end it is designed to answer.

The Life of Richard Earl Howe. By George Mason. 8vo. 4s. 1803.

THE author of this work is known to the public by his "Supplement to Johnson's English Dictionary," and "Poems by Thomas Hoccleve, with a preface, notes and glossary." He will however derive little fame from either of those works, especially the latter, which is edited with little taste, and less discrimination; the best of Hoccleve's pieces having been left unpublished.

Richard Earl Howe deserves a better panegyrist than Mr. Mason, and he will derive a better eulogium from the grateful recollection of his countrymen. This life is a tissue of "shreds and patches," put together without skill, and written in a style of inflated pedantry. The author professes a long intimacy with the noble Lord, whose life and heroic actions he attempts to record; but his biography affords no demonstration that he enjoyed any considerable share of the Earl's confidence.

Goldsmith's Natural History abridged, for the Use of Schools. By Mrs. Pilkington. 8vo. Vernor and Hood. 1803.

"Goldsmiths History of animated nature, is so *justly* and *universally* admired, that the slightest alteration in the original design may subject the *deviator* to censure or disgrace; but whilst the naturalist must admire his descriptions, the delicate mother may think them *too replete*, and fear that the young mind might be incited to investigate what ought only to be explained in mature years."

These very sensible and appropriate observations we extract from Mrs. Pilkington's very modest preface, and we subscribe to their truth. Mrs. Pilkington hath executed her task with great discrimination. Nothing is omitted which ought to have been retained, nor is any thing retained, but what is calculated to produce a love for natural history, and direct the minds of youth towards this useful study.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITAE, SPECULUM CONSUETUDINIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Cicero.*
The Imitation of LIFE---The Mirror of MANNERS---The Representation of TRUTH.

MR. SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKSPEARE.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE—ACT I. SCENE I.

" Sometimes, from her eyes
" I did receive fair speechless messages."

Dr. Farmer seems to find a difficulty here, and tells us that " Sometimes" means " formerly;" and formerly, sometimes, it did; but in this place the sense, I believe, is " She has sometimes given me looks of encouragement."—The obscurity arises from the imperfect tense being used instead of the perfect: I did receive,—for, I have received.

SCENE III.

" And when the work of generation was
" Between these woolly breeders in the act,
" The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands," &c.

This passage always appeared to me so free from obscurity as not to need a comment; but some actors, of late, have tried to vitiate it by an affected and constrained recitation: thus,

" And when the work of generation was
" Between these woolly breeders——in the act
" The skilful shepherd peel'd," &c.

Surely the meaning is no more than this;—when the work of generation was going forward—to be in act is to be in the progress of performance.

Ibid.—" Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
" In the Rialto have you rated me, &c."

Here again the affectation of ingenuity has of late, on the stage, sophisticated the plain sense of this passage. " Many a time and oft" is a phrase of such general as well as ancient authority, that instances of its usage would be superfluous: but to serve the purposes of those refiners, the phrase is split, and the passage runs thus:

" Signior Anthonio, many a time——and oft
" In the Rialto——you have rated me."

But it was only in the Rialto that Anthonio was likely to encounter Shylock, and there where naturally he would " rate him."

Ibid.——————" You have rated me
" About my monies and my usances."

The instances produced by Mr Reed to shew that "usance formerly signified "usury," will, I believe, be found to prove directly the contrary, and will support Mr. Ritson's remark, that Mr. Steevens was mistaken in that interpretation of the word. The writer quoted by Mr. Reed states that a borrower had received a thousand pounds, and this sum had been enormously augmented by 'usury,' which the *lender* termed *by a more clenly name*, "usance," &c. The gentleman, indeed, who was imposed upon, might stigmatize usance as fraud, usury, or robbery, but certainly the lender was better acquainted with the value of *the clenly distinction* he had made: and Shylock here, speaking of his own practices, would not be very prompt to declare that "usury" was among them.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

———————— "By this scimiter,
"That slew the Sophy, and a Persian Prince,
"That won three fields of Sultan Solyman."

Mr. Tyrwhitt, in extricating the poet from a difficulty, appears to have entangled himself. Morochius is still boasting of his own prowess, and of his *scimiter*, that won three fields of Sultan Solyman, *besides* having slain the Sophy, &c. so that he was not in the army of the Sultan, but opposed to him.

SCENE II.

——"Away, says the fiend, for the heavens"—

"For the heavens" may be an adjuration—"for heaven's sake!" or perhaps the fiend would suggest, that while Launcelot remained with the Jew, he was out of the pale of grace, and that by running away only he could hope for heaven. If so, it is a very friendly fiend.

ACT III.—SCENE II.

———————"The beauteous scarf,
"Veiling an Indian beauty"———

This Indian beauty seems to be veiled in impenetrable obscurity. Sir Thomas Hanmer would disclose her, but exhibits only "a dowdy," and all the other annotators have left her "to dwell in her necessity." I wish it were in my power to extricate her.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

—"Others, when the bagpipe sings i'th' nose,
"Cannot contain their urine for affection
"Masters of passion sways it to the mood
"Of what it likes or loathes.

Rowe's emendation of this difficult passage appears to be the

most satisfactory of any yet proposed—" masterless passion," &c. and the sense, I believe, is this:—And others, at the singing of the bagpipe, are so affected by it that they cannot contain their urine; masterless passion, that irresistible instinctive principle by which men's nerves are actuated, holds dominion over us—i. e. lords it, or sways it, and imperiously advances towards what it likes, and withdraws from what it loathes.

Ibid. " You may as well forbid the mountain pines
" To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
" When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven."

To " forbid to make no noise," should be to command some noise to be made; yet " bid" and " forbid" seem formerly to have been used indiscriminately, as in Chaucer's Plowman, Stanz. 29.

" Moses law forbode it tho
" That priests should no lordships welde,
" Christs Gospel biddeth also
" That they should no lordships held."

ACT V.—SCENE I.

" The man that hath not music in his soul,
" Is fit for treasons," &c.

Mr. Steevens has favoured us here with some very profound reflections upon the danger that may arise from too carelessly yielding to the effect of this speech in praise of music; and though he chooses to assert that it is at once destitute of poetic beauty and unpregnant with moral or philosophic truth, yet he seems apprehensive that it might have a powerful influence on the minds of posterity, if he did not produce some effectual and unperishable antidote to the poison; and this he has copiously extracted, and triumphantly administered, from that pure source of philosophic and moral orthodoxy, the late Lord Chesterfield, in a letter from that nobleman to his son, abusing fiddlers:—but indeed Mr. Steevens might have been relieved from his anxiety if he had but considered that the sentiments uttered by a dramatic character, whether true or false, are by no means to be regarded as the sentiments of the poet; or had reflected that the eulogy here pronounced on music is only a general praise of numbers, of that nobler and sublimer harmony, that fascinating " concord of sweet sounds," embracing eloquence and poetry, which Plato himself would have approved, which Apollo professed, and which as far transcends the criticism of Lord Chesterfield, as the circuit or music of the spheres does the compass or the rattling of a dice box.

PORTRAIT OF MADAME DUMESNIL.

The celebrated French Actress, lately deceased.

BY MADAME HYPPOLITE CLAIRON.

MADAME DUMESNIL, who died on the twenty-first of February last, at the advanced age of ninety years, was long the ornament and delight of the French stage. The dramatic reader will be gratified by the following account of her, which, though written by a rival actress, does not seem to be deficient of candour, and contains several ingenious and instructive observations.

"Madame Dumesnil was neither handsome, nor possessed of a good figure. Her physiognomy, her size, her appearance altogether, though without any natural defect, seemed characteristic of the manner of a Bourgeoise, without grace or elegance, and often on a level with those of the very lowest classes of the people. However, her neck was finely formed, and her eyes were expressive and commanding; and, when she pleased, were capable of inspiring sentiments of awe and respect.

"Her voice, deficient in flexibility, was incapable of affecting the feelings; but it was strong, sonorous, and in every respect adequate to the most violent bursts of passion.

"Her pronunciation was pure: she had no impediment as to the volubility of her utterance.

"Her action was often too violent for a woman; it had neither ease nor delicacy; but she was extremely sparing in its use.

"Distinguished for her style of playing tender and pathetic characters, nothing could be more gratifying than her personification of the distress and despair of a mother. That expression of nature, which she displayed in such a character, rendered her acting as near the sublime as can be conceived. The passions of love, ambition, or pride, were but faintly represented by her; but, as she was young, jealous of rivalship, and desirous of the reputation of a first-rate actress, great hopes were entertained of her emulation and future experience in her profession. Such was Mademoiselle Dumesnil when I first appeared upon the stage.

"The system of study to which I had devoted myself, from the first moment of my appearance as an actress, by making me sensible of my own defects, in a few years, taught me to discern those of others. I perceived that the object of Mademoiselle Dumesnil was rather to captivate a multitude, than please connoisseurs. A

ranting manner, singular transitions, a mode of utterance more suited to comedy than tragedy, and a vulgar action, superseded those grand and impressive beauties of which she had before given such eminent proofs.

"The ignorant exclaimed *Bravo! Nature!*—I, who admired great talents, even in a rival, could not avoid regretting the change I perceived; and I took the liberty of inquiring the cause.

"'You was pursuing with such certainty the road of celebrity,' said I, 'that I cannot conceive how you have deviated from it.—Sure of the esteem of the public, as well as of your own approbation, what can you propose to yourself by such eccentricities? Does the laugh you now excite appear more flattering to you than the admiration you formerly experienced? Does it become you to confound Semiramis with the wife of Sganarelle? What can you mean by those forced tones at the end of every couplet? To what object are you sacrificing your understanding, your reason, and your talents? Whatever may be the advantages you expect to derive from your new system, I assure you it afflicts me; and my frankness, upon the occasion, is a proof of it.'

"'I have listened to you,' said she, 'and I return you my thanks; your anxiety on my account appears disinterested, and I shall answer you without reserve. You are aiming at a degree of perfection, at which you will never arrive; and which, if you should attain, no one would be sensible of. The number of persons of real sound judgment, in a mixed assembly, should there even be any, may be about one or two; the remainder judge without examination, depending upon the opinions of others, or the reputation of the actress. Volubility, bursts of passion, and whatever is singular and uncommon, strike them; they are hurried away, and applaud with rapture;—let one person exclaim *Bravo!* and the rest repeat it immediately.

"'Your deep and learned researches escape the multitude; the public are unaffected by them; and men of judgment, whose passions are, in general, repressed by age, wisdom, and experience, conceal their satisfaction without daring to manifest it. An audience, on leaving the theatre, mixes with the rest of the public, and imparts its enthusiasm. Whence come you? What was the play? Who were the performers? Mesdemoiselles Dumesnil and Clairon,—the former was applauded to the skies, the latter appeared cold and formal. It is thus our reputations, as actresses, are formed: and, depend upon it, if you continue the same course you have hitherto pursued, I shall be exalted to heaven, and you will be left grovelling on earth.'

"'I am far,' answered I, 'from having attained the object I propose, but I already begin to perceive it:—the path is long and arduous, but I do not venture a step without the aid of study and reason. Who constantly searches after truth, must sooner or later arrive at it; while those who pursue a dazzling illusion are sure to be misled. The public is not so ignorant as you would have it believed: you seem to forget how often it forms an accurate judgment upon the works submitted to its decision. The finest thoughts, and most delicate sentiments, immediately make an impression upon its feelings: even the galleries, which one would naturally suppose were composed of that part of the public least difficult to be pleased, will admit of no fault in violation, either in point of history, language, or the manners and consistency of the personages of the drama. The more I study these points, the more sanguine are my hopes that my studies will not be thrown away. You see that the public always attends to me, and often encourages me; and if you continue to have no other guide than folly, I flatter myself that, when we are both weighed together, the balance will be the reverse of that which you have predicted.'

"From that moment I redoubled my researches, and Mademoiselle Dumesnil pursued, unrestrained, the same line of conduct she had adopted."

JOHN BULL;

OR, AN ENGLISHMAN'S FIRE SIDE.

BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

THIS comedy was produced at Covent Garden theatre, on Saturday the 5th of March, and was received with the loudest and most unanimous testimonies of public approbation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Peregrine, - - - - - - - -	Mr. Cooke.
Sir Simon Rochdale, - - - -	Mr. Blanchard.
Frank Rochdale, - - - - -	Mr. H. Johnston.
Lord Fitz-Balaam, - - - - -	Mr. Waddy.
Hon. Tom Shuffleton, - - - -	Mr. Lewis.
Job Thornberry, - - - - -	Mr. Fawcett.
Dennis Brulgruddery - - - -	Mr. J. Johnstone.
Dan, - - - - - - - - - -	Mr. Emery.
Lady Caroline Braymore, - - -	Mrs. Johnston.
Mrs. Brulgruddery, - - - - -	Mrs. Davenport.
Mary Thornberry, - - - - -	Mrs. Gibbs.

"The scene lies in Cornwall, upon the coast of which *Peregrine*, who has been many years absent from his country, and nearly losing his life, gains the shore by swimming from his ship, which is in danger of being wrecked. He reaches

the Red Cow, a poor inn, upon Muckslush Heath, and there learns he is near Penzance, and that his old friend, *Job Thornberry*, a brazier in that town, is still living. The voice of distress soon assails his ears; he rushes out, and presently returns, supporting *Mary*, whom he has rescued from robbers: from her he learns, that she has that morning abandoned her father's house, being forsaken by her lover (*Francis Rochdale*) whom his father, *Sir Simon*, has engaged to *Lady Caroline Braymore*, recently arrived with her father, *Lord Fitz-Balaam*, at the Manor House, to adjust matters for that purpose; and that she is going to London to seek an asylum. He prevails on her to wait his return from a short excursion, sets out for Penzance, arrives at the house of *Job Thornberry*, at a time when the bailiffs (under a commission of bankruptcy) are in possession of his effects, and soon makes himself known to the brazier, as one who, thirty years before, when a boy, had been relieved by him, and recommended to a captain of a ship at Falmouth; he tells him that fortune having favoured him, he has returned home to reward his benefactor, to which intent he produces a small box he had swam ashore with, which has the name '*Job Thornberry*' written upon it; asserting that the contents of it belonged to him, as being the profits gained upon £. 10 which he had received from *Job* in his distress. The brazier declined his offers of assistance, observing, that his daughter Mary, having deserted him, he has no one left to care for. It immediately occurs to *Peregrine*, that she must be the girl whom he had just rescued, and he promises *Job*, if he will accept his assistance, and consider it as a debt, he will bring him to his daughter. This he consents to, and the brazier's debts, amounting to six thousand pounds, are paid. *Peregrine* then conducts *Job* to his daughter, who is soon forgiven by her father, and by him accompanied to the house of *Sir Simon Rochdale*. *Job* here, after having in vain demanded redress from *Sir Simon* for the injury done his daughter, meets with *Peregrine*, who is come thither to try his influence in behalf of the unhappy family. *Lady Caroline Braymore*, having learnt from *Shuffleton* that *Francis Rochdale* is secretly attached to another, consents to that gentleman's addresses, and arrives at *Sir Simon's* at a time when the endeavours of *Thornberry* and *Peregrine* have proved fruitless. She informs *Sir Simon* of her marriage with *Shuffleton*, but the baronet still obstinately refuses to redress the aggrieved brazier, when *Peregrine* declares himself to be, and that he can prove he is, the elder brother to *Sir Simon*, and heir to the estate of which he has so long had possession. Intelligence also at this time arrives, that the ship, with *Peregrine's* whole property on board, is safe in port; and *Sir Simon* at length consents to the union of the lovers."

In this plot, though we have but faintly sketched it, there is nothing new or suprising, in incident or character. The materials are recognisable in many other dramatic works, novels, &c. &c. but the dexterity with which the author has managed them, so as to give an air of novelty to the whole, and to combine every thing that charms and interests in stage representation, constitutes a merit in this case, almost superior to that of originality, and exhibits the talents of the writer in a very striking point of view indeed. We rank this play before the *Heir at Law*, and *Poor Gentleman*, of the same author, because it does not chiefly depend for its effect upon characters of

such eccentricity (however entertaining) as can hardly be supposed to exist; because, with equal whim and vivacity, it has more variety, truth, and nature; more forcible sentiments, humour certainly as rich and effective, and a tendency that is not merely unobjectionable, but calculated to excite and keep alive the most generous feelings of our nature.

Mr. Colman's object is to display the British Character in various lights, but JOHN BULL is to fix upon *Job Thornberry* as his dramatic representative. *Job* is a tradesman, in middling circumstances; he is blunt, feeling, charitable, of strict integrity, fully sensible of his rights, and resolute in maintaining them; eager to resent an injury; as ready, on concession, to forget it. To bring these characteristics into full exhibition, and to render Honest John an object of stronger interest, his domestic tranquillity is invaded, and the happiness of his *fire-side*, the Englishman's sanctuary, violated. A false friend renders him a bankrupt, and his only child, a victim to seduction, has abandoned him. Job's mixture of anger and tenderness in this distress is quite in character, and he exhibits several touches of nature which the heart recognizes as strictly genuine. *Job* is easily induced to forgive his daughter, and though, under such serious circumstances, his pliancy may be considered by some as enforcing a dangerous example, we think *Job's* conduct in this respect both natural and moral. How many a repentant wretch has perished through parental rigour! *Mary's* remorse too renders her a fit object of forgiveness, and one must not forget how artfully she had been betrayed, and that it was a delicate sense of shame, and the conviction of her unworthiness, that drove her from her father's roof. Besides, the whole play holds up the crime of seduction to such decided abhorrence, that there is little fear that its advocates, or those who treat it lightly, will resort to such a source for any argument in its favour.

Dennis Brulgruddery is a worthy companion to the character of *Thornberry*, and the natives of a sister isle have no ground to accuse Mr. Colman of a partiality to his countrymen. *Dennis* is drawn with infinite humour, and keeps the audience in an uninterrupted roar of laughter whenever he is before them. "It is national with him to blend eccentricity with kindness." This is his character. The goodness of his heart is as conspicuous as the whimsicality of his behaviour. *Dennis* is landlord of the *Red Cow*, but a bottle of brandy and a barrel of beer furnish the entire stock of his house; and before any customer appears at their door, the brandy bottle has been emptied, and the beer has turned sour. *Dennis* was originally bred to the church, i. e. he was a pew-opener at Belfast, but lost his place for sleeping in sermon-time; the parson accusing him of snoring so

loud, that he awoke the rest of the congregation. This seems borrowed from the anecdote of Dr. South and King Charles. Mrs. *Brulgruddery* is exhibited in colours perhaps too disgustingly strong, but she is serviceable to the character of *Dennis*. She is quite his *butt*, and, as one neatly enough observed, the only one he has in the house. *Dan* is a Cornish clown, but having been written, no doubt, with Mr. Emery in recollection, the character has a Yorkshire cast. He is a proper appendage to the *Red Cow*, an inn so completely appointed; he is head waiter and ostler, only there are no horses, and no company.

In *Tom Shuffleton* and *Lady Caroline Braymore*, the author has given sketches of modern fashionable manners, faint indeed, but tolerably faithful. *Sir Simon* is a country gentleman, who wishes to conceal the obscurity of his origin by a noble alliance; he has no original trait.

Peregrine is materially concerned in the plot; he is the means of saving *Mary* from a robber, and protecting her from a much more dangerous character, the unprincipled libertine; of relieving *Thornberry* from his embarrassments, and restoring to him his child; of bringing young Rochdale to a proper sense of his duty towards *Mary*, and of removing the objections of *Sir Simon* to the match, by an unexpected declaration of his name and pretensions. This concealment is very artful and dramatic; and, from the commencement to the close of the comedy, the character of *Peregrine* excites an uncommon degree of interest; the sentiments and admonitions he utters breathe the purest morality, and are cloathed in the most elegant, and poetical language. They arise naturally, too, from the circumstances, and make a deep impression on the feelings of the audience.

Objections might be made to the story, as improbable, but the improbability does not exceed dramatic bounds; *Peregrine*, it is true, must be allowed to be as good a swimmer as the late Dr. Franklin, to reach the shore so heavily encumbered; and *Tom Shuffleton* does not seem a likely character to obtain the confidence of such men as *Sir Simon* and his *Son*. The conduct of *Job Thornberry*, to the Justice, is also a little too gross. The representative of *John Bull* is here to blame; he grows impudent, and loses his respectability. The last act appears to have been "slubber'd o'er in haste," to use an expression of Mr. Colman's, and does not form a conclusion so striking and satisfactory as we could wish: but these are trifling imperfections, compared with the numerous excellencies of the drama, which is indisputably the work of a wit, a poet, and a man of genius.

We have fancied that Mr. Colman may have had the *Vicar of Wakefield* in his recollection while writing some part of this comedy.

It probably never entered his head, but there are certainly some coincidences.

The meeting between *Job* and *Mary*, at the *Red Cow*, reminded us of that between the *Vicar* and his daughter *Olivia*, who, having been abandoned by *Squire Thornhill*, arrives at an obscure public house, in great pecuniary and mental distress, where her father, who has been long in search of his unhappy girl, accidentally meets with her. He hears her voice in another chamber, and hastening to her assistance, takes her in his arms, and, like *Thornberry*, assures her of his complete forgiveness, while *Olivia*, like *Mary*, is overwhelmed with shame and penitence, and can scarcely believe her father in earnest.

Do not the landlord and landlady, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, bear some degree of resmblance to *Dennis* and *Mrs. Brulgruddery*? The husband is willing to do every kindness to his poor lodger, and endeavours to soften the violent behaviour of his wife. She accuses him of tippling; he recriminates ironically, like *Dennis*. She wishes to send *Olivia* about her business, till she finds that she is not without a protector, and then she is as cringing and civil as before she was insolent and brutal.

We perceive some of the traits of Burchell in *Peregrine*. Burchell has rescued one of the Vicar's daughters at a moment of imminent peril; his character has all the mystery of *Peregrine's*, and he is, like him, unjustly suspected of dishonourable intentions. He turns out at last to be the uncle of the libertine squire, and, through his means, the Vicar's family are restored to a state of tranquillity.

Whether our conjecture be right or wrong, Mr. Colman's reputation will not suffer from it. It is the privilege of the dramatic writer to select his materials from the novelist, if he please; he has still the merit of adapting, heightening, and improving the *hints* he may have gathered from other quarters; and Goldsmith may be proud of having attracted the notice of the author of such a comedy as John Bull.

THE PERFORMERS.—Mr. Cooke is particularly impressive in *Peregrine*; a character of this kind has seldom been so admirably acted. The whole performance indicated thought and feeling. The sentiments were well weighed, and enforced with suitable dignity and solemnity. Mr. Fawcett appeared to the highest advantage in *Thornberry*, a character rather new to him. He gave all possible interest to the affecting situations of the part, and was equally successful in displaying the rougher qualities which belong to John Bull.—In *Dennis Brulgruddery*, Mr. Johnstone displayed all that prodigality of humour, and rich characteristic expression, for which he is so re-

markable, and in which we can never hope to find his equal. Mr. Lewis has an indifferent part to perform, but he executes it in his best style. He contrives that even the perfidy and vice of *Shuffleton* shall not excite too much disgust. The *gentleman* shines through the whole, and renders the character less unamiable. Mr. H. Johnston has every qualification for such a character as *Francis Rochdale*. Emery, in the little sketch of *Dan*, is inimitable; and Blanchard deserves great commendation for his acting in *Sir Simon*.—Mrs. Gibbs is always natural, always interesting; *Mary* is adapted to her style and powers, and she did not fail to excite the general sympathy of the audience. Mrs. Davenport was excellent in *Mrs. Brulgruddery*; and Mrs. H. Johnston brought *Lady Caroline* very conspicuously forward on the scene.

The prologue, by Mr. Dibdin, is well written, and extremely appropriate. Mr. Brunton did it justice in the delivery. The epilogue, by Mr. Colman, was *sung* by Mr. Johnstone, and it is needless to say with what effect. Both shall be given in the ensuing number.

RETROSPECT OF NEW PERFORMERS.

Mr. Cooper, (*from the American Theatres.*)

This gentleman has performed, at Drury Lane, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Richard III.* As we have spoken of him at considerable length at a former period*, we do not much lament that we have so little room for that purpose now. Mr. Cooper has noble requisites for the profession; he has a very fine person, a voice of astonishing capacity, and a sound judgment. In each of the characters above-mentioned he displayed great ability, and exhibited some originality of manner. The "dagger scene" of Macbeth, and the scene subsequent to the murder, were performed in a most masterly style. This we single out as his best achievement. He did many other things so well as to merit distinguished notice; but we have not room to point them out. Among his defects are a tediousness in his pauses, and a drawl, with an occasional coarseness, in his enunciation, which excite very unpleasant sensations. He has too little variety; and he sometimes grossly violates common propriety, by what Hamlet has stigmatised with the term "*bellowing*," in passages and scenes which require a sober and unempassioned treatment. Upon the whole, he is a valuable actor; his faults are easily to be corrected; and, if he intend to remain in England, he will, no doubt, become a favourite with the public.

* See Monthly Mirror, vol. I. p. 45. 112, and vol. II. p. 39

MR. KEMBLE,

AND HIS SPANISH TOUR.

THIS great and original actor, availing himself of a favourable opportunity to visit the Continent, has passed a few months very agreeably and profitably in the capitals of France and Spain. It could hardly be expected, that, so thoroughly an enthusiast in the works of Shakespeare, Mr. KEMBLE should ever admire the declamation of French tragedy; or that a master in a chaster school of acting, where all *action* is in a style of sobriety, and strictly the offspring of passion subdued to gentleness, would ever allow the compatibility of frantic gesture with frigid reasoning.—"Suit the action to the word," must have forbidden for ever his enjoyment of the *Théâtre François*. He accordingly never scrupled to assert, that it *did not please him*. At the same time, his candour admitted, that what pleased so many MILLIONS must be good *for them* at least—but it required that a man should be entirely a Frenchman, either by birth, or long residence, to taste it at all. That is, supposing his mind to have formed any *standard* of excellence in the art—for there are judgments (no, not *judgments*) of so happy a facility, as to take opposite fashions with equal admiration; and allow that day and night are equally luminous. Be it, therefore, one subject of complacency to the English nation, that the greatest actor of his time does indisputably, with all its faults, prefer the stage of his *own country*.

At Madrid, he found, in the Theatre *de la Cruz*, an actress, as he himself says in a Spanish characteristical account of her, who, by her extraordinary talent, sustains the fame of the ancient and esteemed Spanish authors. Her countenance is admirably expressive—her voice sweet and musical—her action the echo of her thought and feeling. In a word, she yields, in his opinion, only to *one* actress, whom he has ever seen. This is high praise. But what are we to think of a lady, only *second* to Mrs. SIDDONS in tragedy, in the opinion of her own brother, who yet excells infinitely in her *comedy?* She herself never willingly takes up the buskin;—how that which is done reluctantly should nevertheless be so excellent, is matter of astonishment. La RITA LUNA, for that is her name, is extremely beautiful, and very much respected. Hitherto, Mr. KEMBLE, we believe, has formed no engagement. If he go to Ireland at all, he will set out about the middle of May next. Mrs. SIDDONS, we regret to say, was sent for to this kingdom, on account of the almost hopeless illness of her eldest daughter. It is some alleviation of such a calamity, to find that "all is not lost—" that her brother is safe, and returned, full of resources and talent, to take his proper place in a country, which so highly esteems him, as an actor and a gentleman.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET XXV.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PRECEDING SERIES.

On the view of a Prospect from her Window.

In one small Prospect *Hope* at Rapture's side
Anticipates the glow of happiest Hours,
And shrinks from gloom to solace unallied
Which with one changeless hue for ever lours.
Here the neat *Cottage* with its woodbine bowers
Bids us to seek for Comforts yet untried ;
And daisied fields, it's inoffensive pride,
Tell us how sweet Life's joy-enamell'd flowers :

II.

There the dark *Church-yard* lifts its awful head,
And whispers to the speculative Man
That every hope and every future plan
Must rest at last on its devouring bed.
Then let me fix a firmly equal view
On *Life's* fair rays and on *Death's* icy dew.

6 Nov. 1803.
S. W. L.

TO THE MOON,

When shining very brightly in a serene Evening.

SERENATA :

In the Character of St. Preux.

FAIR REGENT of the NIGHT ! my JULIA keep
From every care and every danger free !
On her sweet eye-lids breathe thy softest sleep !
Her mild chaste loveliness resembles Thee.

II.

O might I view her slumbering ! . . . . might I trace
The soft blush gleaming o'er her smiling Cheek !
And as the *Latmian Shepherd* wont to seek
My couch irradiate with Heaven's lucid Grace—

III.

So might I gently visit *Her* Repose !—
Ah vain, presumptuous Wish . . . . still, still my Vow,
Whate'er of Bliss my Fate may disallow,
To her with tenderest affection flows !
Fair Regent of the Night, my JULIA keep :
On her sweet eye-lids breathe thy softest sleep !

C. L.

GENIUS, AN ODE.

I. 1.

Many there be who, thro' the vale of life,
With velvet pace, unnotic'd, softly go,
While jarring discord's inharmonious strife
Awakes them not to woe.
By them unheeded, carking care,
Green-ey'd grief, and dull despair;
Smoothly they pursue their way,
With even tenor, and with equal breath;
Alike thro' cloudy, and thro' sunny day,
Then sink in peace to death.

II. 1.

But ah! a few there be whom griefs devour,
And weeping woe, and disappointment keen,
Repining penury, and sorrow sour,
And self-consuming spleen.
And these are Genius' fav'rites: these
Know the thought-thron'd mind to please,
And from her fleshy seat to draw
To realms where Fancy's golden orbits roll,
Disdaining all but 'wildering rapture's law,
The captivated soul.

III. 1.

Genius, from thy starry throne,
High above the burning zone,

In radiant robe of light array'd,
Oh hear the plaint by thy sad fav'rite made,
His melancholy moan.
He tells of scorn, he tells of broken vows,
Of sleepless nights, of anguish-ridden days,
Pangs that his sensibility uprouse
To curse his being, and his thirst for praise.
Thou gav'st to him, with treble force to feel,
The sting of keen neglect, the rich man's scorn,
And what o'er all does in his soul preside
Predominant, and tempers him to steel,
His high indignant pride.

I. 2.

Lament not ye, who humbly steal thro' life,
That Genius visits not your lowly shed;
For ah, what woes and sorrows ever rife,
Distract his hapless head.
For him awaits no balmy sleep,
He wakes all night, and wakes to weep;
Or, by his lonely lamp he sits,
At solemn midnight, when the peasant sleeps,
In fev'rish study, and in moody fits
His mournful vigils keeps.

II. 2.

And oh! for what consumes his watchful oil?
For what does thus he waste life's fleeting breath?
'Tis for neglect and pen'ry he doth toil,
'Tis for untimely death.
Lo! where dejected pale he lies,
Despair depicted in his eyes,
He feels the vital flame decrease,
He sees the grave, wide-yawning for its prey,
Without a friend to soothe his soul to peace,
And cheer the expiring ray.

III. 2.

By Sulmo's bard of mournful fame,
By gentle Otway's magic name,

By him, the youth, who smil'd at death,
And rashly dar'd to stop his vital breath,
Will I thy pangs proclaim;
For still to mis'ry closely thou 'rt allied,
Tho' gaudy pageants glitter by thy side,
And far resounding fame.
What tho' to thee the dazzled millions bow,
And to thy posthumous merit bend them low;
Tho' unto thee the monarch looks with awe,
And thou, at thy flash'd car, dost nations draw,
Yet ah! unseen behind thee fly
Corroding anguish, soul-subduing pain,
And discontent that clouds the fairest sky:
A melancholy train.
Yes, Genius, thee a thousand cares await,
Mocking thy deriding state;
Thee, chill adversity will still attend,
Before whose face flies fast the summer's friend,
And leaves thee all forlorn;
While leaden ign'rance rears her head and laughs,
And fat stupidity shakes his jolly sides,
And while the cup of affluence he quaffs
With bee-ey'd wisdom, Genius derides,
Who toils, and ev'ry hardship doth outbrave,
To gain the meed of praise, when he is mould'ring in his grave.

Nottingham, HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

STANZAS.

HARK the lark's melodious note,
On yonder dew-bespangled thorn,
Welcomes the birth of cheerful Spring,
And greets the rosy, opening morn.

Now Phœbus, rising from the east,
His rays diffusive spreads around,
And Nature, in her mantle green,
With fragrance decks the humid ground.

Rob'd in her many-colour'd vest,
See Flora, goddess gay, appear,
And Zephyr, with his silken wings,
Waft balmy odours through the air.

Come, then, Cleora, let us haste,
Where rural scenes invite to love,
And taste the orient breeze of morn,
And tread the deep-embowered grove.

For soon the gladsome scene will change,
And soon succeed th' inclement sky,
And nature wear a frown severe,
As Winter's dreary reign draws nigh.

Then let us, in the spring of life,
(A season fraught with hopes and fears)
Make virtue, lovely maid! our guide,
Ere age's frozen day appears.

Beaumaris. WM. TOONE.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

With the exception of JOHN BULL, *at Covent Garden, and Mr.* COOPER, *at Drury Lane (see the Stage department of this number), the theatres present nothing worthy of notice. The new comedy produces a nightly overflow, which is of essential service to the rival theatre, and will, no doubt, occupy every vacant night during the remainder of the season.*

ORATORIOS.

Mr. Ashley, being deprived of the BILLINGTON, procured the powerful aid of Madame Storace, who exerted herself with uncommon effect, in some of our most favourite pieces. Braham and Incledon appeared also to infinite advantage in their respective airs; and Mrs. Billington fortunately recovered in time to conclude the season with *eclat*. Haydn's *Seasons* has been an object of particular attraction.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Lady Perrott's annual benefit was very well attended. Mr. Lewis's tragedy of *Alfonso*, as originally written, was performed in a truly respectable and impressive manner, by several *amateurs*, who kindly volunteered their services upon this occasion. *Orsino* was played with vast discrimination, feeling, and effect, and *Cæsario* found a spirited and interesting representative in a gentleman who last year sustained, with so much credit, the character of Frederick, in Lovers' Vows. The lady who performed *Ottilia* possesses several valuable requisites for the stage, and did great justice to that difficult character. Lady Perrott, in the latter scenes of *Amelrosa*, exhibited a force and animation which really surprised us. Her performances have always been distinguished for correctness, but we never imagined that she possessed such considerable powers of execution.

The *Jew and the Doctor* was the farce, in which Mr. Grove, a gentleman who has acquired great reputation as an *amateur* performer, performed *Abednego* in a style of singular chasteness, and with the happiest effect upon the risible muscles of the audience. We understand that this gentleman has some intention of embracing the stage as a profession. He certainly possesses considerable talents as a comic actor, and would, no doubt, soon ingratiate himself with the public. The gentleman who sang *Puss in the Parachute*, with so much humour as to get an *encore*, and afterwards acted *Changeable*, has hit off the manner of Mr. Fawcett with evident closeness;—he is absolutely "his *picture in little*."

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Mrs. Billington's indisposition was very serious, and the Opera-House and the Oratorios suffered greatly from her absence. She is now sufficiently restored to appear before the public. Madame Bolla is re-engaged at the Opera, and made her first appearance on Tuesday, March 22, in Paisello's comic opera of *Molinara*. Mr. Goold, the new proprietor, is said to have secured the celebrated dancer Des Hayes, for next year. Madame Hillisberg retires after the present season. Kemble is returned to London, and is expected soon to quit it again for an engagement in Dublin. Very little doubt is entertained of his being next season at Drury-Lane; the numerous substitutes who have appeared in his characters, with such equivocal success, prove how much the exertions of this great actor are wanted in the theatre, and how enthusiastically his return would be greeted by the public. Mr. King, and Miss Pope, and the eldest daughter of Mrs. Siddons, have for some time been in an alarming state of health. Mr. Knight and Mr. Simmons have also been incapable, from the same cause, of attending to their theatrical duty. Miss De Camp resides near Paris, and is daily getting the better of her complaint. Capt. Caulfield is said to be engaged for next season at Covent Garden. He is shortly to have a benefit, when he means to attempt *Richard*. Colonel Greville, having suffered a severe domestic loss, retires from the management of the *Pic-Nic* theatre, which has been advertised for sale, with the scenery, &c. It is not true that Mr. Townsend has any share in the property of Sadler's Wells; he is merely engaged as a performer. Mara is

at Berlin, where she is in high reputation. Miss Waters, late of Covent Garden, has been singing, with applause, at the Edinburgh and York concerts.—Mr. Colman has sold the copy-right of *John Bull* to Mr. Harris, who does not mean to print it for some time. The Haymarket engagements are going on but slowly. Mrs. Woodfall (late Miss Collins) is among the late acquisitions. Mr. Colman, however, means to "skir the country round" in person, to secure a sufficient number of *good hands* against the opening. Mr. Pye, the Laureat, has an opera in hand; Miss Porter's *Fair Fugitives*, with Dr. Busby's music, will soon be in rehearsal at Covent Garden; and there is a *whisper*, as Bayes has it, of a new comedy at Drury Lane. *Hugo Grotius*, a play by Kotzebüe, has been produced at Berlin, himself playing *Grotius*. The Prime Minister has obtained a pension from the King, of £.200 a year, for the veteran Murphy. A worthier object could not have been found, and it would be no disgrace to the country if the names of literary men were more frequently inserted it the *Pension List*.

NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.

THIS beautiful theatre having again undergone considerable improvements in decoration and convenience during the recess; although, from its perfect state last year, we thought it almost impossible that any advantageous addition could be made, will open at its usual period.

In addition to the very excellent company they had last year, we understand they have engaged Smith, from Bath, whose performance on the union pipes has been so greatly celebrated. Buckenger, the famous equestrian, whose superior skill in his art induced his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence particularly to recommend him to the manager. Mrs. Parker, late of Covent Garden theatre, takes the lead in serious pantomime. This lady's grace and elegance have often been the subject of our unqualified praise. Miss Howells, of Covent Garden theatre, and the sprightly Miss Sims, are also engaged, together with Mrs. Macartney, and a clever little infant of the name of Lettin.

The scenery continues, where it ought, under the entire superintendance of Greenwood.

Cross (whose amiable partner has recently become a mother) crowns the whole. He is, we hear, prepared with a new splendid grand ballet of action, a comic pantomime, and a ballet dance, in addition to various other novelties. It is but justice to Mr. Cross to mention, that, to his persevering assiduity, and the excellence of the pieces produced by him, during the last seven years, much of the success of this theatre is to be attributed, and it must continue to succeed while so able a pilot is at the helm.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE OF ARTS.

THIS powerful company, aided by considerable reinforcements of some of the most celebrated characters in serious and comic pantomime, and dance, from the continent, are preparing for the campaign. Young Astley, whose talents never lie fallow, is ready with a grand ballet of action, a comic pantomime of unusual whim, and various new dances. Laurent and Johannot again

enter the lists. Mrs. Astley, who is in herself a tower of strength, is, we understand, in excellent health, and will appear as the heroine in a serious ballet. Mr. Upton has two new pieces in preparation, and if it be fair to calculate upon the former success of this ingenious gentleman, the public may reasonably expect to derive much amusement from his exertions.

SADLER'S WELLS.

THIS theatre will open on Easter Monday, under the most favourable auspices. Amongst the new proprietors are Messrs. T. and C. Dibdin, Reeve, the composer, and Andrews the ingenious scene painter. From such an assemblage of talent it is fair to augur complete success. The theatre is to be considerably improved, and decorated in a style entirely new. The private boxes are to be rendered more convenient, and two additional ones, beautifully ornamented, are fitting up. The pit is much more commodious, and the orchestra enlarged.

The entertainments, we understand, are to be conducted upon the most respectable scale, and it will be the particular object of the managers to produce perpetual variety, heightened by novelty an[d] locality. Townsend, late of Covent Garden, Bologna, Junr. Grimaldi, King, Menage, Davis, &c. &c. together with Signor Giovanni Batista Balzoni, being his first appearance in England. The female department is highly respectable. The band is very numerous, led by Mr. F. Ware, with Reeve at the harpsichord, and Mr. Ling the first oboe; Adams is to play the harp, and a Mr. Fitzmorrice the union pipes, whose execution is said to equal Courtnay, with more taste and feeling.

The stage, musical and scenic arrangements, being divided between Messrs. C. Dibdin, Reeve, and Andrews, it will consequently be the object of each to use every possible exertion for their own credit and advantage.

The managers fancy it will conduce to the comfort of individuals frequenting the Wells, to revive what they call a good old custom, that of accommodating them with genuine red and white wine, at two shillings the bottle, and one shilling the pint. We have our doubts as to the policy of this measure.

We must, however, commend highly their determination to place a conspicuous number of patroles and lights in the fields leading from the Wells to town. This is an improvement calculated to serve them very essentially.

BON TON THEATRICALS.

The Countess of Cork gratified her friends with a dramatic exhibition on Tuesday 8th March. Mons. Volange, comedian from Paris, and son of the celebrated French actor of that name, and his Lady Madame Volange, played the comedy of *La Resolution Inutile* of Patrat, in one act. M. Volange played five different characters in this piece with great effect, and in the French proverb of *L'Intendant comedien malgre lui*, he performed no less than eight different characters. The Prince of Wales was present, and a large party of nobility, &c.

BRANDENBURGH-HOUSE.—The theatricals, under the direction of the Margravine of Anspach, have commenced this year with a new piece in three acts entitled *Nourjad*, written by her Serene Highness, which was thus represented:

Sultan Achmet, ...	Colonel Berkeley.	*Mirza*, ...	Mr. Hamilton.
Nourjad, ...	Mr. Angelo.	*Zemira*, ...	Mr. Maynard.
Ali, ...	Mr. Nixon.	*Fatima*, ...	The Margravine.
Corasmin, ...	Mr. Kerr Porter.	*A Genie*, ...	The Margravine.
Two Singing Slaves,	Mademoiselles Mortellar.	*Hassan, a Dancing Black Slave*, ...	Mr. Chatterley.

Guards, Attendants, and the Sultan's Court.

The fable of this piece is very simple. *Nourjad* is the favourite of the *Sultan*, who had entertained him and ten other *courtiers* at dinner. The conversation turning on happiness, the *Sultan* desires each person to say what would constitute his. The *Sultan* disapproving of *Nourjad's* description, who, having a beautiful wife and child, wished for unbounded pleasure, banishes him his presence. At this moment he is introduced to the audience in the greatest distress, and after expressing all his distraction to his faithful servant *Ali*, falls asleep, and is awakened by the sound of music, when he observes the *Genie* standing before him, who offers to make him immortal, and to give him inexhaustible riches; but to enable him to enjoy them he tells him that he must sleep now and then for forty years together, to recruit his strength. This proposal he accepts, and launches into every sort of extravagance; purchases two beautiful singing slaves, and treats his wife, the amiable and beautiful *Fatima*, whom before he so much loved, with coolness and disdain. He drinks some sherbet prepared by *Fatima*, and immediately falls asleep. On waking, he finds the two beautiful slaves he left attending his court, ugly old women, and every body dear to him dead. He upbraids the *Genie*, and when it is supposed that he is sufficiently mortified, the *Genie* throws off his disguise, and in her he finds his wife. Forgiven by the *Sultan*, he presents him with the slaves, returns the riches he had received, and seeks for no other happiness than that which is to be derived from domestic enjoyment.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE OF W. A. MOZART.

[Continued from page 132.]

MOZART returned to Salzburgh in 1769, and was there appointed master of the concerts; but as he had not yet been in Italy, he set out for that country in the month of December. As much as his talents had been admired by the English, in Italy they produced enthusiasm. The Italians, for once, forgot their national prejudice against every thing *ultra-montane*; he had hardly given proofs of his genius at Milan, when La Scrittura for the Carnivale of 1771 was conferred on him.

Bologna, at that time no less famous for its music than Milan, had, in the mean time, the pleasure of hearing him, and Martine, the famous theorist, was

astonished whilst he listened to the young German, who played a fugue extempore, to any given subject. The praise which Bologna had loaded him with, was next resounded in Florence; he arrived at Rome in passion week, and was present at the performance of the Miserere. This is universally acknowledged to be the *ne plus ultra* of vocal music; it is the triumph of the human voice, and to give a copy of it is forbidden: Mozart's ambition was excited by this; he listened attentively, went home and transcribed it from memory, returned to the chapel next day, corrected his first manuscript, and produced a copy, at which all Rome was astonished. The Miserere is for a full band, composed of several parts, and the performance of it is extremely difficult. Mozart heard it all, and remembered, and transcribed it all. From Rome he went to Naples: he returned again to Rome, where he received the order of the golden spur from the Pope: and at Bologna he was unanimously chosen to be master of the Philharmonic Academy; for his admission a fugue for four voices in the church style was required of him; this he composed in his chamber in the short space of half an hour, and he accordingly received his diploma. He wrote the opera of Mithridates for Milan, and it procured him la Scrittura for the grand opera of the Carnival of 1773; this was his *chef d'œuvre*. After a journey of fifteen months he again returned to his native city.

[To be concluded in our next.]

HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF GARRICK'S MANAGEMENT.

[Continued from page 134.]

Drury-Lane.—Season 1760-1.

THURSDAY, FEB. 12.—[1st time] JEALOUS WIFE (a) Garrick [*Oakley*],

(a) "The Jealous Wife, wrote by Mr. Colman, met with greater applause than any thing since the Suspicious Husband." *Cross's Diary*.

"The use that has been made in this comedy, of Fielding's admirable novel of Tom Jones, must be obvious to the most ordinary reader. Some hints have also been taken from the account of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, in No. 212, and No. 216, of the Spectator; and the short scene of Charles's intoxication, at the end of the third act, is partly an imitation of the behaviour of *Syrus*, much in the same circumstances, in the *Adelphi* of Terence. There are also some traces of the character of the Jealous Wife in one of the latter papers of the Connoisseur.

It would be unjust, indeed, to omit mentioning my obligations to Mr. Garrick. To his inspection the comedy was submitted in its first rude state; and to my care and attention to follow his advice in many particulars, relating both to the fable and characters, I know that I am much indebted for the reception which this piece has met with from the public." *Mr. Colman's Advertisement*.

Yates [*Major Oakley*], Palmer [*Charles*], O'Brien [*Lord Trinket*], King

"The ground-work of it is taken from Fielding's History of Tom Jones, at the period of Sophia's taking refuge at Lady Bellaston's house. The characters borrowed from that work, however, only serve as a kind of under-plot, to introduce Mr. and Mrs. Oakley, viz. the Jealous Wife and her husband. It must be confessed that the passions of the lady are here worked up to a very great height, and Mr. Oakley's vexation and domestic misery, in consequence of her behaviour, very strongly supported. Yet, perhaps the author would have better answered his purpose with respect to the passion he intended to expose the absurdity of, had he made her appear somewhat less of the virago, and Mr. Oakley not so much of the hen-pecked husband; since she now appears rather a lady, who, from a consciousness of her own power, is desirous of supporting the appearance of jealousy, to procure her an undue influence over her husband and family, than one, who, feeling the reality of that turbulent yet fluctuating passion, becomes equally absurd in the suddenness of forming unjust suspicions, and in that hastiness of being satisfied, which love, the only true basis of jealousy, will constantly occasion." *Baker.*

The Monthly Reviewers have made a similar objection. "To call it the *Jealous Wife* is a palpable misnomer; for the author seems, in the character of Mrs. Oakly, to have clearly mistaken the passion of jealousy. Jealousy is one of those *Ingenites curæ*, which for some time *non loquuntur, sed stupent*—Jealousy is a passion to which minds of nice delicacy and exquisite sensibility are mostly addicted. It is a passion which at first preys upon itself, and which they who feel it, industriously endeavour to conceal from the object of their mistrust. It is a passion which for a long time fluctuates between suspicion and confidence, and which, at intervals, is attended with violent gusts of tenderness and affection.

"Mrs. Oakley, however, discovers none of these symptoms. She has no more delicacy than an oyster-wench; she has nothing of that which the French call *retenue*; and throughout the whole play she does not breathe one sentiment of fondness for her husband. She is a downright virago; she opens the play, injudiciously enough, with rating her husband, we know not why or wherefore; we hear her scold before we see her, and she continues, without intermission, to play the vixen throughout the five acts."

The same writers have entered into a critical examination of the plot, characters, incidents, and language, which they treat, upon the whole, with too much severity. Their remarks, however, on the conduct of *Charles* are certainly just.—"The author tells us, in his preface, that this scene of Charles's intoxication is partly an imitation of the behaviour of Syrus, much in the same circumstances, in the *Adelphi* of Terence. But surely there is no great propriety in making a gentleman imitate the behaviour of a servant; neither, by the bye, do we see how the circumstances are in any degree the same. Besides, in this instance, the indecorum is aggravated by introducing Charles in his drunken fit before his mistress and her father, a circumstance which must be highly disgusting to a polite audience."

Sir Harry Beagle], Burton [*Russet*], Moody [*Capt. O'Cutter*], Blakes [*Paris*],

We agree with them, also, respecting the characters of *Lady Freelove* and *O'Cutter*:—" Of Lady Freelove we will only observe, that if the author had not given her a title, we should never have suspected her to have been a woman of quality. She is a shameless creature, without sentiment, without delicacy, without spirit. Her assisting his lordship in his designs against Harriot, her own relation, whose honour he had openly attempted to violate, is a proceeding so unnatural that Mother Douglas would blush to have been concerned in it.—With regard to the Irish Captain, he is a sea-monster, such a one as we hope never was, or ever will be, a commander in the navy: in short, Shakspear's Caliban is not more brutal."

The following extracts are of a more favourable cast. "It is with pleasure we acknowledge, that in the working up his plan, the author has displayed a great deal of merit. The incidents are various, striking, and interesting. Attention is agreeably kept alive throughout, and every act is full of business and contrivance. The most capital incidents are produced very naturally, and conducted with great attention to probability. The author has given a proof of skilful management in the scene where Harriot relates the circumstance of her being rescued by Charles, and desires Mr. Oakley to admit her into his house. This, in our judgment, is the best scene in the whole play.—The dialogue is curiously contrived: every speech which Mrs. Oakley overhears tends to confirm her suspicions, and yet not a word is forced, but all arises naturally from the subject. This is indeed the *ars celandi artem*."

The writer thus sums up the whole:—" There is a good deal of humour and keen ridicule in this piece, interspersed with many sensible reflections which shew a knowledge of life; and it abounds with those changes and contrivances which surprise and entertain an audience. But the author's talent seems to lie in caricature: he is very happy in hitting off strong marked features, but cannot command those soft and delicate touches which form an agreeable and finished picture."

To the first edition of the play was prefixed a Dedication, which the author afterwards withdrew.

" In the beginning of February, Mr. Colman, who had lately fleshed his maiden sword in the farce of *Polly Honeycombe*, came forward flushed with success, and produced a comedy in five acts, entitled *The Jealous Wife*. I am not willing to enter into a criticism on this play, as, at that time, a quarrel broke out between the author and myself, and the breach was never healed. Mr. Colman had entered into a league with Churchill and Bob Lloyd, and that triumvirate, he thought, would be able to bear down all before them. Some certain artifices in Colman's conduct came to this author's knowledge, and, as they appeared to him in a bad light, he never listened to any terms of a reconciliation; he saw evident symptoms of a bad heart, and with such a man he thought a state of war much better than a bad peace. At this distance of time he does not harbour any thing like resentment. All he will say of *The Jealous Wife* is, that there was between Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard a scene most happily imagined. They were seated on a sopha, each jealous of the other, and

Mrs. Clive [*Lady Freelove*], Miss Pritchard [*Harriot*], Mrs. Pritchard [*Mrs. Oakley*]. With a new prologue and epilogue. (b)

14, 16*, 17, 19 [By Command], 21*, 23.—*Ibid.* 24.—*Essex.* *P. Honeycombe.* 26.—*J. Wife.* 28*, MARCH 2, 3.—*Ib.*

5.—*Zara.* *Edgar & Em.* 7. *J. Wife.* 9.—*Hamlet.* Ophelia, Mrs. CIBBER. *Edgar & Em.* 10.—*J. Wife.* 12.—*Ib.* 14.—*B. Opera.* *Q. Mab.*

23.—[Easter Monday—Mrs. CIBBER's benefit.] *Wonder.*—Don Felix, GARRICK; Violante, (1st time) Mrs. CIBBER. (c) *P. Hon.*

24.—*Tempest.* *Harl. Inv.* 25.—[Mrs. PRITCHARD's night] *J. Wife.* *P. Hon.*

26.—[Mrs. CLIVE's night.] *Inconstant.* *Capt. Duretete*, (1st time for 8 years) GARRICK; Y. Mirabel, Palmer; O. Mirabel, Yates; Dugard, Blakes; Oriana, Mrs. Davies; Lamorce, Mrs. Bennet; Bissare, Mrs. Clive. [1st time] ISLAND OF SLAVES. (d) Havard, King, Packer, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Clive (with a comic opera song in character).

27.—[Mrs. YATES's night.] *W. to keep him.* *H. Life.*

28.—(not acted for 5 Years) *Othello*, Sheridan (e); Iago, Havard; Brabantio, Burton; Cassio, Palmer; Roderigo, Yates; Emilia, Mrs. Pritchard; Desdemona, Mrs. Cibber. *Harl. Inv.*

30.—[Mr. HAVARD's night.] *F. Pen.* Calista, Mrs. YATES. End of play, a new Coronation Ode, written by Mr. Havard; the vocal parts by Lowe, Champnes, Mrs. Vincent, Miss Young, &c. *P. Hon.*

31.—[Mr. PALMER's night.] *J. Wife.* *H. Life.*

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both endeavouring, in short artful sentences, to hide their private views, and warp with cunning into one another's secrets. A more just imitation of nature was never seen. The play met with great applause, and has from time to time kept its rank on the stage." *Murphy's Life of Garrick.*

With all its faults the *Jealous Wife* is one of the best comedies of which the stage is in possession.

(b) The former, written by Mr. Lloyd, and spoken by Garrick; the latter spoken, we suppose, from the opening lines, by Mrs. Clive, the representative of Lady Freelove.

* Author's nights.

(c) Mrs. Cibber was fond of performing in comedy, but was by no means successful in it.

(d) "This is little more than a literal translation of the *Isle des Esclaves* of M. Marivaux. It has not made its appearance in print, yet I think has at least as much merit as many of the *petite pieces* which we see frequently performed on the stage. It was acted one night only for the benefit of Mrs. Clive, and was the occasion of an epistolary dispute in print between her and Mr. Shuter, whose benefit happened to fall on the same night." *Baker.*

(e) "If it were possible for spectators to be pleased with meaning alone, uttered through very ungracious, inadequate organs, Mr. Sheridan might stand high in public estimation [in *Othello*;] but execution being as necessary as conception, we can only afford him the praise of barren propriety."

Dram. Censor 1770.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre-Royal EDINBURGH.—Mr. Editor,—Being lately on an excursion in Scotland, and passing through the metropolis, I was a constant attendant of the theatrical amusements, during the short stay I made in Edinburgh. I had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Esten, who was performing with great eclat. She attracted very crowded and elegant audiences, and has lately renewed her engagement with the manager for a few nights. The theatre is rather small, but neat, clean, and remarkable for its beautiful scenery. Mr. Young, who is the acknowledged favourite in tragedy and comedy, is a sensible and correct actor. His figure is perfectly genteel, and he treads the boards with more ease than any young actor I have lately seen. I cannot pass unnoticed the abilities of Miss Duncan, who is in high estimation with the northern audience. This young lady possesses great merit in sprightly comedy, such as Letitia Hardy, Rosalind, Hippolita, Beatrice, &c. and, in the romps, and comic singing, she has few competitors on the stage. From undoubted authority, I am informed that this lady had a most liberal offer from the managers of Covent-Garden theatre.

Theatre Royal HULL.—Benefit receipts during the late season.

Mrs. Dunn,	82	16	0	Mr. Melvin,	89	17	6
Mrs. Leng,	59	5	0	Mr. Mathews,	92	9	6
Mr. and Mrs. Cummins,	84	14	6	Miss Jackson,	79	10	6
——— Williams,	78	4	0	Mr. Seymour,	38	6	0
——— French,	42	3	0	Mr. Denman,	74	15	6
——— J. Wilkinson	120	6	6	Miss De Camp,	68	18	0
Mr. Knox,	29	0	0	—— Smith,	65	16	6
Mr. and Mrs. Carr,	38	0	0	Mr. J. French,	39	11	6
Mr. Wood,	63	8	0	Mr. Bennett,	129	19	6
Mr. and Mrs. Jarman,	72	6	0	Mrs. Chapman,	78	19	6
Mrs. Ward,	42	3	6	Mr. Walcot,	44	7	6
Mr. Hope,	29	18	0	— Knight,	54	0	6
Mrs. Aikin,	120	18	0	— Wilkinson (manager)	112	16	6

Theatre NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.—Our theatre closed for the winter season on Wednesday, Feb. 16, with Lionel and Clarissa, and a pantomime got up for the occasion, called Harlequin in the Clouds. The evening's entertainments were for the benefit of the manager, Mr. Stephen Kemble. During the course of the season a great variety of performances, new and old, tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, and pantomime, have been represented; but part of the novelties having been produced for benefits, and got up in a very imperfect and temporary manner, I shall confine my remarks entirely to the general state of the theatre, and the merits of the company, which, though far from being a good one, is certainly superior to that of last season.

The theatre has been open nearly four months, and, though generally well attended, yet I rather imagine the season has not been very profitable to the manager, who has, indeed, no right to expect much emolument from a concern to which he pays so little attention. Every part of the theatre is disagreeably

dirty, and most miserably lighted; and the chandeliers at the back of the boxes, bestow a nightly libation of tallow upon the head dresses of those ladies who are so unfortunate as to sit beneath them. The plays are represented in a manner shamefully imperfect in every respect. The scenery is old, shabby, and dirty, and is continually going wrong. The orchestra consists of three violins and a bass, and is totally devoid of wind instruments. The prompter is heard at the end of almost every speech. The stage is frequently left vacant in the middle of an act for several minutes, and the utmost negligence, for the greater part of the season, has prevailed throughout every department of the business. But the arrival of Mr. Chippendale, the last acquisition to the company, and who now conducts, with great ability, the business of the stage, has caused a considerable alteration for the better in many of these points. Much, however, still remains to be done, which can only be effected by the vigilance and attention of the manager himself.

It is confidently reported that two of our best performers, Mr. Egerton and Miss Heard, are about to leave the company. The cause of the difference between them and the manager is variously stated. However it may be, it is by no means wonderful that performers of their abilities should be unwilling to remain in a company which must submit to the labour and inconvenience of performing three nights of the week at Newcastle, and two at Shields. Indeed, the system of keeping open two theatres at once, which are at the distance of eight miles from each other, is of itself sufficient to destroy all order and regularity at both of them; and it is not to be expected that performers can appear before the public to any advantage, when, instead of attending rehearsals, the mornings are spent in travelling between Newcastle and Shields.—Were Mr. Kemble to obtain a connexion with other theatres royal, and bring a more respectable company to this town, he would undoubtedly find both his profits and his popularity much greater than they possibly can be, while he continues to pursue his present system of dragging his company every day, at this inclement season of the year, eight miles along a dirty turnpike road. But if Mr. Kemble cannot procure a more respectable circuit of theatres than he at present possesses, it is surely very extraordinary that the proprietors of the theatre royal should not advertise it to be let to the highest bidder, by which means there would be a chance of its being again connected with towns of more theatrical celebrity than Sunderland, Shields, and Durham. Mr. Kemble has, however, long been our manager, and as such is entitled to peculiar indulgence: and, would he exert himself to merit the preference which has always been shewn him, the writer of this believes (and he judges from his own feelings) that there is far from being any wish in the public mind to see Mr. Kemble displaced from his situation. On the contrary, both he and his family are considered in this town in the most respectable point of view: and it would be difficult, and indeed almost impossible, in a provincial theatre, to supply the place of an actress such as Mrs. Kemble, whose merit, in some peculiar walks of the drama, stands unrivalled even in the theatres of the metropolis; and who, in whatever she attempts, is always correct, elegant, and interesting.

I shall now proceed to consider the merits of our dramatic corps, which at present consists of Messrs. Kemble, Egerton, Liston, Noble, Mara, Branton,

Kelly, Chippendale, Musgrave, Mills, Bland, Suett, &c.—Mrs. Kemble, Miss Heard, Miss Kemble, Mrs. Jones, Miss Payne, Mrs. Russel, Miss Benson, Mrs. Egerton, and Mrs. Bland.

You have lately had ample opportunities of judging of Mr. Kemble's merit as an actor, in the character of Sir John Falstaff, for which his *natural qualifications* are so eminently adapted. But humour, on the whole, is not his talent; and, setting aside the imperfection of his figure, he succeeds much better in such characters as Old Norval, Sciolto, Dumont, Sir Christopher Curry, Sir John Flowerdale, &c. His manner of speaking, in serious dialogue, is remarkably impressive and affecting; and, in the character of Sir John Flowerdale, at his benefit, he drew tears from many eyes "unused to the melting mood." In several of the passionate old men in comedy, he is also very respectable. Mr. Egerton is of late considerably improved. His tragedy, on account of the weakness of his voice, and the restlessness of his action, must always be below mediocrity: but those very circumstances which injure his representations of the heroes of Melpomene, may perhaps assist him in those of Thalia. In the Rapids and Gossamers of Mr. Lewis, he is always easy, spirited, and entertaining; and, in characters of that stamp, his perpetual motion is very amusing: but, in sentimental comedy, in which he is otherwise very respectable, it is ridiculous, and totally destructive of pathetic emotions. Mr. Liston is an actor who seems to be remarkably attentive to the duties of his profession, and is possessed of an infinite fund of humour in low comedy. In the characters of awkward simple country servants, and especially in Shenkin, in Folly as it flies, he is most admirable. Indeed, take him all in all, he is the best low comedian we have had since we lost that true disciple of Momus, little Rock. But he ought to confine himself entirely to that walk of the drama which nature has pointed out to him, and never attempt any serious characters, which his countenance turns completely to a burlesque.

I am sorry to say that Mr. Noble, whom nature has endowed with a large proportion of humour and comic force, has degenerated of late into a complete buffoon, and is only to be tolerated in characters of the broadest farce, where the grand climax of his acting consists in throwing about chairs and tables, and breaking plates. As he seldom or ever has his part off, he supplies the want of it by an extempore of his own composition, and a variety of tricks and grimaces, which throw the business of the scene into such confusion, that other actors, who do understand what they are about, are prevented from carrying on the dialogue of the play. In short, his performances are now only fit for a puppet-shew or a barn, and are a disgrace to the boards of a theatre-royal. Mr. Mara's representations of Irishmen are extremely *natural*; and he is, upon the whole, a very general and useful actor, though he seldom attains any high degree of excellence. Mr. Branton has some knowledge of music, but his voice is harsh and disagreeable; and he is continually endeavouring to execute shakes and graces, which are far beyond his powers. Mr. Kelly has some humour, and his very peculiar mode of articulation is sometimes diverting enough in the characters of stupid old men in farces. The business of Mr. Chippendale is chiefly behind the curtain, where he is very active and useful, but he sometimes

appears on the stage: and, on the night of Mrs. Kemble's benefit, performed Slender in the Merry Wives of Windsor with great ability.

I shall now proceed to the ladies.—Of Mrs. Kemble and Miss Heard I shall say but little; their numerous merits are well known in London: and, in a provincial theatre, are seldom to be found two actresses of such eminent talents, and who are so peculiarly well adapted to perform together in the same theatre, as the former retains undisputed possession of those characters in which pathetic powers, and comic simplicity, are required; while the latter excels in the elegant vivacity of genteel comedy, and those violent characters in tragedy, to which the powers of Mrs. Kemble are unequal. In the play of Jane Shore, the raving madness and conflicting passions of Alicia are most forcibly represented by Miss Heard; while the dying scene of Mrs. Kemble, in Jane Shore, may be almost put in competition with that of Mrs. Siddons. The last season has been distinguished by the debût of Miss Kemble, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kemble. She is yet very young, and new to the stage; but, from the rapid improvement she has made in the course of the season, a very high degree of future excellence may be safely predicted, in that line for which her talents are peculiarly adapted. It is said that the commendations bestowed by Mrs. Billington on the voice of Miss Kemble, were her first inducements to attempt the stage. She has evidently bestowed great pains upon her singing, and when she has by practice attained a greater extent and volume of voice, there is no doubt of her becoming a first-rate performer in that way: even at present her singing is distinguished by peculiar correctness, and there is a delicacy in her execution which is very pleasing. Her face is beautiful and expressive, but her figure is already too large, and she sometimes wants animation. Her principal defects are, however, an awkwardness of gait and carriage, which she ought particularly to endeavour to correct. Her memory is good, and when quite at her ease, she is capable of acting with great spirit and effect; but, as an actress, I am afraid she will never attain the grace and elegance of her mother: though, as a singer, her excellence will, I doubt not, be of the highest order. Mrs. Jones is a very useful actress, and a very respectable representative of the characters of old ladies and servants. She is constantly employed, and if she does not often rise above mediocrity, she seldom or never offends. Miss Payne is a much better actress than a dancer; she dresses remarkably well, and is quite at her ease in the performance of waiting maids, &c. for which her volubility and spirit are well adapted. Mrs. Russel is a tolerable singer, but, owing to indisposition, has not yet had much opportunity of appearing before the public. Miss Benson is very young, and in time will be a very elegant dancer, if she does not fall into the error of imitating the affectation of Miss Payne. The rest of the ladies and gentlemen are merely walking figures, and as such are not worthy of any particular notice.

From the above account of our dramatis personæ, you will observe that they are considerably improved; though still by no means such a company, especially with regard to the gentlemen, as ought to perform on the boards of a theatre-royal: and there is particularly a great want of an actor to assist Mr. Egerton in genteel comedy, and also of a good gentleman singer to support the comic operas with Miss Kemble.

It is now, however, high time that I should conclude the above hasty sketch, which I shall do by assuring you, that, to the best of my judgment, in every part of it, I have endeavoured to make truth and impartiality my guides.

JULIUS.

Newcastle upon Tyne, 19th *Feb.* 1803.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY MARCH 8.

A message from his majesty, to the following effect, was read to both houses:

"G. R.

"His majesty thinks it necessary to acquaint the house that very considerable military preparations are carrying on in the ports of France and Holland. He therefore judges it proper to take every additional means for maintaining the peace and security of his dominions. Though these preparations are avowedly for colonial purposes, yet, as discussions of great importance are now depending between his majesty and the French government, the result of which must be uncertain, he deems it proper to make this communication to the house, sensible that while it participates in his Majesty's earnest and invariable solicitude for the continuance of peace, he may rely with confidence on its concurrence in such measures as shall be calculated to support the honour of his crown, and the essential interests of his people."

On Wednesday, March 9, his majesty's message was considered by both houses, and agreed to *nem. diss.*

The most vigorous preparations were made in consequence of the above message; press warrants issued, and a great number of sailors were picked up. A vote passed the houses for adding 10,000 seamen to the number before fixed upon. The king issued proclamations offering bounties to encourage men to enter; and prohibiting them from serving foreign princes and states. The Militia will be called out, and every other measure adopted which has been usual under similar circumstances, so as to put the nation in a fit condition to meet the alternative of war, should the further conduct of the Chief Consul convince us of the impossibility of maintaining the peace with safety to the United Kingdom.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

Extract from a French State Paper, entitled a Review of the French Republic, and signed by Bonaparte.

British troops are still in Alexandria and Malta; the government had a right to have complained, but it learns that the vessels that are to convey them to Europe are in the Mediterranean.

The government guarantees to the nation the peace of the Continent; and it

is permitted to it to hope for the continuation of the maritime peace. That peace is the desire and the wish of every nation; to preserve it the government will do all that is compatible with the national honour, essentially restrained to the strict execution of treaties.

But in England two parties dispute the power—the one has concluded peace, and appears determined to maintain it, the other has sworn an implacable hatred to France. Hence that fluctuation in their opinions and councils, and that attitude at once pacific and threatening.

While this struggle of parties shall last, there are measures which prudence impels on the government of the republic. Five hundred thousand men ought to be, and shall be ready to defend and avenge her. Strange necessity, which the influence of miserable passions impose on two nations, whom interest and a mutual wish attach to peace!

Whatever may be at London the success of intrigue, it will never force other nations into new leagues; and the government asserts, with a just pride, that, alone, England cannot now contend with France.

But we have better hopes, and we believe rather that the councils of wisdom and the voice of humanity will only attended to in the Britannic cabinet.

Yes! doubtless, peace will every day more consolidate itself; the relations of the two governments will assume that character of benevolence which is conformable to their mutual interests; an happy repose will bury in oblivion the long calamities of a disastrous war; and France and England, in founding their reciprocal happiness, will merit the gratitude of the whole world.

Colonel Despard's Funeral.—About two o'clock on Tuesday morning March 1st. several hundred persons collected near the Asylum, Lambeth, to witness the funeral procession of Colonel Despard. About a quarter past ten a hackney coach arrived, in which were the disconsolate widow of the deceased, and two female friends. The wonted firmness of Mrs. Despard forsook her on this trying occasion. On approaching the house in which the body of her husband lay, she became exceedingly dejected, and being conveyed into the apartment, to take a last sad view of the corpse, she nearly fainted away in the arms of her companions. The body was then screwed up in its coffin, and put into a hearse and four. Twelve of the Colonel's friends came about eleven in three mourning coaches; and shortly after the procession proceeded from the Asylum in the following order:—

Two Mutes,
A Man supporting the Feathers,
The Hearse,
The three Mourning Coaches, with four Persons in each.

By this time a number of persons had assembled, and as every part of the business had been arranged with the commendable intent of preventing, as much as possible, any mob or tumult, it was judged proper to take such a direction with the funeral as would best conduce to carry that intention into effect. A general opinion prevailed that the body was to be taken to St. Pancras for inter-

ment, and the moving on of the procession to Westminster Bridge sanctioned the report spread to this effect, and induced a great number of the spectators to run forward in that direction as fast as possible; a circumstance which thinned the ranks very materially. As soon as the conductors, however, had got through the turnpike-gate at Lambeth Marsh, they turned round, and the whole went down the Marsh to the New Cut, from whence they entered Blackfriars Road, by Rowland Hill's Chapel, and proceeded at a gentle pace over Blackfriars Bridge, up Ludgate-street, to the north gate of St. Paul's, where not more than forty persons were assembled. A grave, not less than fifteen feet deep, had been duly prepared, between the great north gate, and the entrance of the great vault leading to St. Faith's chapel, nearly opposite the pastry cook's shop. On the arrival of the body at the cathedral gate, some delay took place, as well on account of a certain certificate being demanded, as the clergyman appointed to perform the service not being arrived. In about ten minutes, however, the body was conveyed to its last abode, and the funeral rites were performed in a very solemn and impressive manner by the Rev. Mr. Parney. The city marshal had arrived on the ground before the hearse reached it, and the twelve friends of the deceased followed the body to the grave. About one o'clock the whole of the ceremony was concluded; the colonel's friends then retired, and the crowd, whose demeanour was remarkably peaceable and becoming, immediately dispersed. The scene throughout was conducted with the utmost regularity, and not the slightest symptom of a riotous disposition was at any time manifested by the multitude. The police had very properly sent some officers to attend at Lambeth. Soon after the body had been removed, a party of soldiers passed down the Westminster road; but they did not attend the funeral. It being generally understood that the remains of the Colonel were to be deposited in Pancras burial-ground, the avenues leading to that place were completely crowded in the morning, and it was not till a late hour that the multitude became thoroughly undeceived.

SHIPWRECK.—A letter from Middleburg, dated February 18, has the following particulars:—"The late wreck of a vessel off here, called De Vriendschap, gave birth to a deed of courage and philanthropy worthy of record. The wind and waves drove her, on the 16th, nearer the shore. Preparations had, indeed, been made to save the crew and cargo, but no one seemed inclined to venture on the work, till one Gerrit Jans Bakker, master of a vessel which had been damaged, and John Mels, a freeman of Flushing, repaired to the strand, opposite the wrecked ship: and, as the only means of getting on board, these two men stripped themselves quite naked, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, and swam between the pieces of ice, which obstructed their progress, till with great pains they got on board, where they beheld a most heart-piercing scene. The enormous billows of the preceding night had filled the vessel with water, and constrained the people to seek their safety on the open deck, where they were momentarily in danger of being washed overboard by the waves and pieces of ice which rolled over her sides. The captain, a little boy, his son, and a sailor, overcome by cold and fatigue, were found lifeless, sitting pressed together near the mizen mast, the unhappy father, as it were, still pressing to his

breast the clay-cold body of his child, where he had probably cherished him as long as his strength would permit. Three others, the mate, a pilot, and a sailor boy, lay in a pitiable state on the top of the cabin, where they would also shortly have breathed their last, but for the courage and humanity of their deliverers, who, fastening two of them on their backs, swam with them to the shore, and then returned for the third, all of whom were, by proper applications, restored to the use of their faculties."

Explosion of the Aurora Portuguese Frigate.—A letter from Madeira, dated September the 18th, gives the following particulars respecting the explosion of this ship.—"On the 16th instant, at half past twelve A. M. a more melancholy catastrophe never happened. The Aurora, a Portuguese ship, of 550 tons burden, and 36 guns, lately arrived from Lisbon, blew up. She had about 40 casks of powder on board. The explosion was dreadful. I was at the moment sitting at my door, with my friends—the ship in full view, only 500 yards off. Anxious to render every assistance in my power to the miserable sufferers, I immediately ran down to the beach, procured a boat, and obtaining three men and two boys, put off towards the wreck, which by this time was inveloped in flames. Mine was the second boat that arrived. On enquiry, I found only two poor fellows had escaped out of thirty-four souls on board.—They were found on board, and immediately taken, by one of its boats, on board an English frigate. The quarter-deck, with the mizen and main masts, were blown into the air, and the ship fairly split in two; the ballast and guns, most of which were stowed in the hold, went to the bottom. The ship, by this means, was thrown on her side; the fire increasing, it became necessary to tow the wreck clear of the shipping. One of the English frigate's boats fastened a tow-line to the foremast. We were soon joined by the boats of the other vessels in the harbour, with one or two from the shore. My situation was tolerably hot, as you may suppose. The night, very fortunately, was perfectly calm, so that not the least injury happened to any other vessel in the harbour. The scene during the night was awful; but that which presented itself at day-light was truly horrid. The poor wretches were lying in every position on board the wreck, some with half their skulls blown off, some without a leg, and others without arms; several of them were actually roasting in the flames. Eighteen of their bodies only were found.—About six I got home, much fatigued and distressed in body and mind. Various opinions are circulated respecting this disaster. The most prevalent is, that the act was designedly perpetrated by a desperate villainous sailor, one of the crew, who had sworn vengeance against the captain, for having confined him, a few days before the event, for mal-practices. He belonged to Lisbon, where he had been immured in the condemned hole for murder. He was heard to declare that the ship should never depart from this port; and the wretch was sufficiently desperate to sacrifice his own life with his ship-mates, for motives of private resentment. The ship and cargo were estimated at £. 60,000 sterling.

A *projet* of a law has been submitted to the legislative body, in France, for preventing any persons from assuming in future the profession of physician or surgeon, without undergoing the five following examinations:—1. In anatomy and physiology; 2. in pathology and nosology; 3. in *materia medica*, chymistry, and *pharmacy*; 4. in legal medicine; 5. in internal *clinics* for the de-

gree of a physician, or external for that of surgeon; but physicians and surgeons already in practice under the ancient regulations may continue so.

FRANCE.—From the forests of Belgium, especially from the noble forest of Soignes, are to be taken a great quantity of oak and other wood, for ship-building. There is no timber in this country equal for maritime uses to what that country affords. The trees will be sent to Antwerp, and there embarked for Dunkirk, Havre, Brest, L'Orient, and Rochefort, at which ports they will be applied to the purposes of the military shipping of the Republic. Holland formerly drew from the low countries much of its wood for ship-building. In future, France alone will employ those productions of her own territory for the restoration of her navy.

The colonial legislature of Jamaica, has found it necessary to prohibit independent and itinerant preachers by a law, which passed on the 17th of December last, from presuming to teach and perform the services of religion in assemblies of negroes. The offending preacher is to be taken into custody, and confined to hard labour; one month for the first offence—six months for every repetition of the same.

BARBARITY AND CRUELTY.—On Friday, March 4, an inquest was held before Mr. Gill, at the Fox, in Wardour-street, on the body of Dorant Lovell, otherwise George Mango, who was found dead on the Sunday preceding, at the corner of Noel-street and Wardour-street. It appeared in evidence, that the deceased, who was a man of colour, had procured his livelihood for many years in the streets of London as an itinerant tinker. He went into the Crown in Oxford-street, on Saturday morning, where he was served with a bason of tea and a buttered roll. He returned in the evening to the same house, and had a pint of beer. About eleven o'clock the same evening, he was discovered by the watchman in Wardour-street, sitting under a door-way, where Andrew Pollock, a watchman, finding him, insisted on his leaving that place, and forcibly dragged him to the opposite side of the street, which is in St. Anne's, parish, where he left him. The watchman belonging to St. Anne's, finding the wretched being in a door-way on their beat, forced him back to the side of the street in St. James's parish, where he remained till Pollock, returning to cry the hour, asked him what he did there a second time, after he had driven him away, when the deceased exclaimed, "O God, I am dying!" "Then (replied the watchman) you shall not die here; you must do that somewhere else." The deceased answered, "I am not able to stir—I am a dying man!" "I care not," said the watchman, and then either dragged or carried him a second time to the opposite side of the street. At seven o'clock he was found dead on the St. James's side.—On the view of the body, the jury returned the following verdict:—"It is not proved in evidence that the deceased, Dorant Lovell, otherwise George Mango, did actually die otherwise than a natural death; but it is very clearly proved that Andrew Pollock, the watchman on duty in Wardour-street, on Sunday night last, has been highly negligent of his duty, by omitting to take that care of the deceased he was bound to do; and by such omission, the said jury is clearly of opinion, that the deceased lost his life."

On the 26th of February, J. Murphy, who latterly kept a porter house in Patrick-street, Dublin, was tried in that city for most cruelly assaulting, im-

prisoning, and otherwise abusing his wife, with intent to murder her. This is the most shocking story we have ever heard, and from a delicacy for the feelings of our readers, we must forbear repeating the whole. The unhappy victim of her husband's barbarity appeared in court pale and emaciated. From her testimony, and that of others, it appeared she had been married two years to the prisoner, to whom she brought a handsome little fortune. They first lived at Lucan, and shortly after their marriage he refused to supply her with common food. He several times beat and cut her in a shocking manner, when she tried to obtain some food by stealth. In all his barbarities towards her he was assisted by his mother and sisters. This unhappy young woman was at length reduced to such an extremity of famine, that she used to go privately and take the potatoe skins and other garbage out of the trough from which the hogs fed, and eat them. From Lucan the prisoner removed to a lodging in Dublin; and here his wretched wife was compelled, while in an advanced state of pregnancy, to carry heavy loads up and down stairs. He then went to keep the public house in Patrick-street, in a back garret of which he kept his wife a close prisoner without any kind of nourishment, except bread and water. Here she was delivered of her child; and after that, was kept for two or three months in the same state until the infant died, from her not having any milk to give it. She was at length released from this frightful situation by the interference of some friends, who brought forward the present prosecution. During the whole time of her lying in, and while she nursed her babe, she was, even during the coldest days, without any fire; and sometimes, having no other food but cold potatoes, she was obliged to warm these in her mouth before she gave them to her child to eat. The abominable miscreant, her husband, not content with the crimes he had already committed, attempted to defend himself by the most barefaced perjuries, and by ruining the character of her whose life he endeavoured to destroy. He brought forward his sisters and a brother to swear, that the prosecutrix had laboured under many noxious complaints, and was addicted to drunkenness and theft; but in all these statements they were contradicted, and the prisoner was found guilty.—He was sentenced to pay £100, and to be imprisoned two years.

The conduct of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is entitled to the highest praise. At a moment when the situation of the country seems to demand the application of all her resources, his Royal Highness has been pleased to signify his wish, that nothing relative to his personal interest may be brought before the house.

M. Peltier has been tried, at the instance of the Attorney General, and found guilty of a libel against Bonaparte, published in *L'Ambigu*, a periodical publication.

MARRIED,

W. Moore, Esq. of Doctors' Commons, to Miss Price, daughter of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor. F. B. Hippisley Coxe, Esq. to Miss Jefferys, only daughter of Thomas Jefferys, Esq. Gloucestershire. Wm. Wass Longford, Esq. his Britannic Majesty's Consul at Tripoli, to Miss Peacocke, daughter of Marmaduke Peacocke, Esq. of Cavendish square.

DIED,

Suddenly, on Friday morning, March 4th, Major-General D'Oyley. The General was at the Levee on Wednesday; went in perfect health, accompanied by his Lady, on Thursday evening, to a Concert, in Pall-Mall; returned to his house in Half-Moon-street, Piccadilly, yesterday morning, and after retiring to bed, the General fell in a swoon, and expired. In Dublin, Mrs. Campion, mother to Mrs. Pope, of Drury-Lane theatre. At Bath, the Hon. Mrs. Bagwell, eldest daughter of the late Lord Graves. At his Lordship's seat, Ealing, Middlesex, the Hon. Edward Griffin Kinnaird, second son of the Right Hon. Lord Kinnaird. At Clifton, near Bristol, Charles Score Britten, Esq. father of Mrs. Hiley Addington. At his house, at Pulta, near Calcutta, on the 29th of August last, Sir Charles William Blunt, Bart. aged 73. He went out to India in the humble capacity of a writer in the Company's service 20 years ago. He has left £100,000 behind him, three-fourths of which he has bequeathed to his eldest son, now in India, Charles Richard Blunt, who inherits also the title. At Newington, Thomas Lock, Esq. Clarencieux King at Arms. After a long and painful illness, at the age of 28, at Weymouth, the wife of John M. Wood, Esq. niece to Lord Kinnaird and Sir William Pulteney, Bart. Colonel Carter, Lieutenant-Colonel of his Majesty's 20th Light Dragoons. His Grace the Duke of Bridgwater, after a short illness. By his active spirit, and his unshaken perseverance, he amassed immense wealth. But the public grew rich with him, and his labours were not more profitable to himself than they were to his country. The Dukedom is extinct, but the Earldom of Bridgwater goes to General Egerton, Member for Brackley. Suddenly, at his apartments in the Mews, Mr. John Smith, many years coachman to her Majesty. In Bryanstone-street, Mrs. Day, widow of the late Captain John Day, and sister to the late Sir Matthew Featherstonehaugh, at the advanced age of 79. At her house, Hill-street, Berkeley-square, Lady Clayton, widow of the late Sir Robert Clayton, Bart. Mr. Daniel Cuerton, of John-street, Tottenham-court road, shoemaker. This person was supposed to be the strongest man in England; he stood about five feet six inches, rather corpulent, yet could put both his elbows together, take a glass between them, and drink in this position; he could contract or swell himself over the chest, at a minutes notice, so as to be the least person, when measured, in company—or extend himself so as to measure more than four of the biggest persons put together, across the chest: when sitting on the ground, he could get up without the aid of his hands, with three full grown men across his shoulders and on his back, and dance a hornpipe with them at ease; and could do many other feats equally incredible, unless seen. Many hundreds are alive who have seen these things, which he generally did of his own accord, and without emolument. He was about 58 years of age. He lived in James-street, Grosvenor-spuare, many years. Henry Fearon, Esq. of the Adelphi, an eminent surgeon.